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GERMANY'S TREASURE BOX

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

NEWLY arrived from a visit to the Ruhr valley, Dr. Hillis is impressed with the prosperity evident in the occupied region, which he found rich in minerals, farm products, and laborers. He believes it idle to claim that the Germans are starving and unable to pay their indemnity, and maintains that the attitude of Poincaré is justified by the situation.

"THE French hold the Ruhr valley as a first mortgage on our promissory note signed at Versailles," said an official of the Krupp Company to me, in Essen. "But," he added, "remember that no debtor ever likes to have the mortgage foreclosed, especially when his collateral is worth twenty times the amount of his note." Just how conservative is this estimate can be realized by consulting the German official publications as to the coal resources of Europe in 1922, which gives these figures: Germany, 235 million tons; Poland, 208; Great Britain, 189; Russia in Europe, 57; France, 31; Belgium, 11.

So rich are a few coal veins in the Ruhr in by-products yielding dyes and explosives, that the government estimates Germany's coal resources at ten gold marks a ton, or five hundred billions of dollars. This is approximately seven times the total national wealth of Great Britain and Ireland, and nine times the national wealth of France.

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Herr Helfferich, former head of the Imperial Treasury, places France's wealth at sixty billion dollars, Great Britain's at eighty billion, and Germany's at eighty-seven and a half billion, with an annual addition of accumulating wealth of two and a half billion. Before the great war began, German statesmen and publicists flooded the world with statements concerning Germany's agriculture, coal, iron, potash, canals, navigable rivers, and above all else, a population strong, intelligent, full of energy, that would control all Europe, and ultimately the entire world.

In 1915, having seized the coal, iron, zinc, and potash resources of France, the German government announced its purpose to retain these treasures as indemnity. Last January, leaders of France took this lesson out of Germany's book, and out of the mouths of the Germans, Poincaré and France have received all their arguments for retaining the Ruhr valley as collateral to force the payment of the German note.

Last August several Americans, some of them iron and steel experts, walked and drove in automobiles through the various towns and cities of the Ruhr, visited the iron furnaces, steel plants, rolling mills, and dye factories. Not one of these observers but will affirm that in terms of natural resources and wealth created by the genius and industry of man, the Ruhr valley surpasses any similar region in our world. There are nine or ten cities in the Ruhr averaging three hundred thousand people, not to mention some fifty other villages and towns, representing a total of nearly ten million people. During the last eight months the miners and workers have received full pay every Saturday noon for not working, and this policy of passive resistance has prevented France, Belgium, and Italy from securing the coal and goods pledged to the Reparation Fund.

Notwithstanding the fact that all the workers have had full pay, German propagandists in certain American cities have actually been taking subscriptions for these so-called poor, starving workmen. What! Some one starving in the Ruhr valley? Why the fields and gardens that lie between these

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different industrial plants have this year produced often forty bushels of wheat to the acre, fourteen great bundles in the shock and the shocks only seventeen to twenty feet apart.

The little gardens behind the houses are filled with growing potatoes, beets, turnips, onions, tomatoes, lettuce, radishes, summer squash. Whenever a hive of bees starves to death in the midst of square miles of white clover fields; whenever a family of mice in a million-bushel elevator overflowing with wheat, is hungry, then hunger will come to the Ruhr miner, receiving from Berlin each week his full pay for refusing to work.

One sees scores of families, picnicking in the afternoon or at the end of the day, but one never sees anywhere in any land, another region where there are two million families so prosperous, so contented, well-dressed, intelligent, and self-sufficing.

One carries away from the Ruhr valley the conviction that the situation and resources of Germany place this people in a position quite apart from other nations. Germany owns the three most important rivers on the continent,—rivers that carry barges with a capacity of one and even two thousand tons. One mouth of the Rhine is vital to Belgium's chief city, Antwerp. Another mouth centres at Rotterdam, while the Elbe is a natural waterway for all eastern Germany.

Strangest of all, the Danube, rising midway between the Rhine and the Elbe, carries Germany's barges into the Balkans, into Austria and Roumania, and so provides outlets to Asia and Africa. Germany hopes soon to complete her canal from the Rhine to Basle, thus making Switzerland a German province, within reach of the sea. Nor can it be forgotten that she has beds of mineral salts and potash, which have been bored beyond a thousand feet in thickness. Our Dakotas average fourteen bushels of wheat to the acre, while Prussia is producing thirty-five bushels, and the Ruhr valley forty to forty-five. As to bread, therefore, Germany can always have a surplus for other lands.

Through her canal system Germany maintains vital industrial relations with Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden,

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Poland, Russia, and Finland. Then this great German plain, with its sixty-five million people, lies midway between France and England, and their creditor, Russia. If either of these Allied nations had happened to be next door to Russia, the coal, platinum, gold, and silver, with the oil resources of Russia and Siberia, would be developed by that country, but it so happens that Germany holds the key.

When fruit is ripe, it falls into the hand that is outstretched. It follows that Germany will furnish the experts and capital that will develop Russia and Siberia, representing one-sixth of the farming land and mineral resources of the globe. It is idle, therefore, for any one to claim that Germany is poor, or that she is unable to pay her indemnity, even though she has lost her iron ore in Alsace-Lorraine, her tin ore in Silesia, and a large percentage of her potash deposits. Despite the refusal of millions of her people to work, and the fact that her average output per man is only two-thirds of what it was before the war, Germany's furnaces and steel plants produced more pig iron and steel in 1922 than Great Britain, Belgium, and France put together.

Germany's chief natural resources are, of course, to be found in her sixty-five million people. In his "History of Civilization," Buckle has said that food and climate make civilization, and that if "every Eskimo in Greenland had the genius of Watt, Stephenson, and Shakespeare, men could never prosper in Greenland." Granted that nature does much, granted that Germany's coal is a power house, her rivers natural railways, her potash a kind of granary, her iron at once an arsenal and a tool chest; it still follows that the resources have their value through a race, sturdy, highly trained, industrious, energetic, and so accustomed to submit the will to obey that they are peculiarly fitted for team work.

As a matter of economic efficiency, tenement houses are not permitted in the Ruhr valley. You can find tens of thousands of rotting old rookeries in the manufacturing cities of central England, and miserable shacks in the coal and steel towns of the

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United States, but you will not find a single tenement in the entire Ruhr valley,—not one.

One day, passing through the outskirts of Essen, I noticed at a distance what looked like a splendid villa. It was singularly like one of the finest houses on an estate in Greenwich, Connecticut. Driving up to the front of the home, I found to my amazement that it was an apartment building, containing some fourteen apartments. In the rear were little gardens. Knowing that the turnover, through discontent on the part of the working man, was about six months in certain factories near Detroit and Pittsburgh, one found that the workers in this particular plant remained for years, and that practically there was no turnover.

American wages are high, but the old tenement houses poor, and our discontented workmen change every few months, wandering from city to city, like the tumble weeds in western prairies that are driven before the wind when broken from the root. The German working man is rooted to his community.

In the Ruhr valley boys and girls are trained for their handicrafts at an early age. A German boy at twenty-one produces fifteen hundred dollars a year as a miner of coal, or trained worker. He represents in himself a store filled with thirty thousand dollars worth of goods, or a farm worth thirty thousand dollars, and yielding fifteen hundred dollars a year. When, therefore, the German's wife, at sixty years of age, looks upon her seven or eight healthy sons and daughters, it is as if she had presented to her country eight factories or stores, with a value of two hundred and forty thousand dollars.

In Switzerland, France, England, and the United States, the wife and mother at sixty can exhibit to her land too often, only two children. What then shall be said about the future wealth of Germany, in terms of the most important machine that society owns, namely the human body, controlled by a sound, healthy, and well-trained mind? Civilization rests not upon stone and steel, but upon the arms of healthy mothers!

Under these conditions, instead of asking whether or not Germany has the capacity to pay an indemnity fund, Americans

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should be asking whether Germany will, in order to win the peace and escape paying an indemnity, bring about a revolution. One Sunday last August a revolution seemed imminent. It needed only a spark to explode the magazine. That condition was created by the discovery on the part of the working men of the Ruhr valley that they had lost all their investments in the coal resources.

As every banker and business man knows, the German industrialists over-expanded between 1910 and 1912. To raise money they stocked their mines and plants, and sold their preferred stock, to the extent of eighty-five percent. This stock covered the mines, iron furnaces, steel plants, dye factories, and all their buildings, including the workingmen's apartment houses.

In 1919 the mark began to fall, through natural economic causes. Buying raw material in foreign countries, Germany began to pay in paper, unsupported by gold. Financial collapse was inevitable. Few thoughtful men believe that the handful of Germans representing the nobility and the industrialists deliberately smashed the mark, but it is quite evident that once the mark had declined, these men saw what could be done, and after that hastened the mark's descent.

Taking advantage of this condition, industrial magnates of the Ruhr valley bought in from their own working people all preference shares, with marks worth a tenth of a cent, and today they own in their entirety the coal veins, the furnaces, machinery, homes, and the very towns. The industrialist who, in 1913, was worried by his mortgage of five million marks, paid the note at the bank with the price of a ton of coal, a silk hat, or a pair of shoes. Today, Germany is a land without debts.

The German census of 1910 contained the names of twenty multi-millionaires, including several princes, industrialists, and bankers. For a long time these magnates have thrown dust into the eyes of their own people. They have never tired of shouting against the criminal French and the wicked English, crying out that no land has ever been so cruelly wronged as Germany, and especially the people in the Ruhr valley. Now

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you can fool some of the people some of the time, but these magnates have learned that you cannot fool all the people all the time. At last, therefore, the German miners and men in factories have found out how they have been fleeced.

In one city, during August, the people assembled in the public square, then built a scaffold, hung the owner of the mines and plants in effigy, delivered funeral orations, and called the owner of their coal mines, iron furnaces, steel mills, of which but a little time before they had owned eighty-five percent., "the greatest thief and traitor since Judas Iscariot." Then came several heated and tumultuous days, when an industrial revolution, with the seizing of plants by the communists, seemed inevitable.

In that emergency, to save not only their necks but fortunes, these industrial autocrats announced that once the amount had been decided upon, they would underwrite the reparations and themselves make the payments to be extended over forty years. But even when this levy upon capital has been made, one German editor says that there will be half a dozen men like Stinnes, Bohlen-Krupp, and Thyssen, who will be worth "an amount approaching one billion dollars each,—multi-millionaires who will look upon Rockefeller and Ford as mere beginners."

During these eight months the German factories have been put in perfect working order. They have the newest and latest machinery, while the factories of France and Great Britain have machinery that was there in 1914. France has a debt of thirty billion dollars, Great Britain a debt of forty billion dollars, while Germany has no debts, domestic, municipal, or foreign. Now if a German, French, and British athlete are going to run a race, and the British boy has a forty-pound iron ball tied to his leg, the French boy a thirty-pound ball, and the German athlete is without any weight whatever, which athlete will win? If the British and the French working men need a wage high enough to pay the interest on their national debt, and the German working man has no war tax to pay, then Germany's factories will undersell England and France to that degree, threaten them with bankruptcy within ten years, and finally hold the mar-

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kets of the world. If Germany, having lost the war, can win the peace, the next war is already in sight.

Today England has a million two hundred thousand men out of employment. In their interview with Stanley Baldwin the spokesmen of these men said substantially this: "We have no work, because our factories are closed; we can no longer sell our output to Germany and Russia; but if you will drive France out of the Ruhr, Germany can make money to buy our goods; then our factories will reopen, and we shall have work." In that emergency the Prime Minister answered, "If Germany is freed from any reparations she will soon ruin our industries, and in ten years nobody will have work." To which the British working men replied, "We are not hungry ten years from now; we are hungry today."

Fearing these leaders would force an appeal to the country, the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister of England ignored the fact that Lloyd George had won a political victory by saying, "We will try the Kaiser and hang him! Then we will make Germany pay every pfennig; then we will force Germany to rebuild France, by seizing, if necessary, every factory and mine in Germany." Now alarmed by the problem of unemployment, the British leaders say to France, "To obtain the payment of our debt we must not weaken the debtor, but must put the German working man upon his feet." To which Poincaré answered, "Do not forget that when you put the German working man upon his feet, you will have put the French and British working men upon their backs."

Poincaré was right. How could it be otherwise? If a debtor refuses to pay his note, despite his mortgage, is he more likely to meet that debt if the mortgage is given up? Little by little the most intelligent and patriotic sentiment in Great Britain is supporting Poincaré while the overwhelming sentiment in the United States is behind France, by reason of the clarity, fairness, courage, justice, and firmness of Poincaré's answer to the British Prime Minister.

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AN IMPOVERISHED NATION

By JAMES G. McDONALD

ANOTHER observer, recently returned from the Ruhr valley, maintains that Germany's pre-war resources have little bearing on the question of her present capacity to pay. He points out that her wealth has been reduced by more than one-third, and believes that before there will be any surplus for reparation payments, Germany must greatly increase her foreign trade even beyond the volume for 1914.

THE French hold on the Ruhr is not a "first mortgage" on the "German promissory note" signed at Versailles. Not even the French have claimed as much. They defend their occupation as a "gauge" seized to "guarantee" the fulfillment of the treaty. It is in fact a military strangle-hold on Germany's economic and industrial life which the Allies and the United States refused to give France at Versailles. The French claim a two-fold legal basis: first, a single phrase in the treaty,—interpreted in a sense inconsistent both with the section of the treaty in which it is found, and with the treaty as a whole,—and, second, the general "international law right" of a creditor state to collect its claims against a defaulting state, if necessary, by force. This general "right," in support of which there is no agreement among international law authorities, is a two-edged sword dangerous for a defaulting state to use against its debtor.

Moreover, if this "right" is recognized, why has not Italy a similar right to seize portions of Germany for the latter's non-payment of reparations; or Roumania to seize portions of Bulgaria? Poincaré felt called upon to deny vigorously, through his recognized spokesman, any similarity between his action and that of the Italian dictator, but Mussolini just as vigorously affirmed that he had as good a right to seize territory as a gauge "as had any other power."

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The weakness of the French legal basis has been repeatedly pointed out by British, American, and neutral authorities. Lord Curzon, in his note of August 11th, declared that "the highest legal authorities in Great Britain have advised His Majesty's Government that the contention of the German Government (that the Ruhr occupation is not justified by Paragraph 18 of Annex II to Part VIII of the treaty) is well founded, and His Majesty's Government have never concealed their view that the French and Belgian action in occupying the Ruhr, quite apart from the question of expediency, was not a sanction authorized by the treaty itself." Curzon's offer to submit the question of legality to the Permanent Court at the Hague was summarily rejected by the French.

How strange that spiritual leaders here should sometimes fail to recognize that the real basis of the French occupation in the Ruhr is not *law,* not *right,* but *force;* or, recognizing this, should justify the occupation by citing what Germany was prepared to do if victorious. Germany's hope to hold Belgium and portions of France as a "gauge" is no moral, much less legal justification, for similar action by this victorious France.

But more important than the question of France's right to hold the Ruhr is that of Germany's ability to pay the huge indemnity assessed against her. There are two methods of estimating this capacity. One,—that used by Dr. Hillis,—is colorful, appeals to the emotions, is based on hearsay evidence and on casual and inevitably insufficient personal observation. It uncritically accepts the current exaggerated calculations of Germany's wealth. It uses statistics in a weird and uncanny fashion. It ignores those basic economic conditions absolutely essential if Germany is to make large payments across her frontier.

The second method, which the writer of this article attempts, is dry to follow,—perhaps even dull. It makes no appeal to war psychology. It is not based, except incidentally, on personal observation (though the writer has just returned from three months in Central Europe, much of which time was spent

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in Germany and the Ruhr). It accepts no current opinion until tested by those scientific standards which economists like Seligman, Cassell, TerMeulen, Salter, Keynes, and Moulton have used, in their special studies of the reparation problem. Especially useful in this analysis has been the recent investigation by Dr. Moulton and Dr. McGuire of "Germany's Capacity to Pay," made under the auspices of the Institute of Economics, of which such staunch friends of France as Robert S. Brookings, Arthur T. Hadley, David F. Houston, A. Lawrence Lowell, Samuel Mather, and John Barton Payne are trustees.

Dr. Hillis makes the astounding assertion that "the German coal resources alone equal in value seven times the national wealth of Great Britain." This is at best a hazardous guess which gives a distorted picture of the relative resources of the two countries. The true pre-war relation between the wealth of Germany and Great Britain is shown by the generally accepted estimates which Dr. Hillis himself gives a few lines later: Great Britain, eighty billion dollars; Germany, eighty-seven and a half billion. But now Germany's wealth, because of the war and the losses at the peace, has been reduced by more than one-third, while the annual gross income has been reduced from ten billion dollars to little more than four billion. These losses have been summarized by Moulton and McGuire as follows:*

	Billions of Gold Marks
Loss of one-sixth of productive capacity	50
Depreciation of plant and equipment	25
Damage caused by Russian invasion	2
Losses of foreign investments under treaty	24
Other treaty fulfilment losses	14
Loss of stocks of goods	20
Total (approximately)	135

(About thirty-two billion dollars)

These figures correct Dr. Hillis's picturesque description of Germany's "almost incalculable natural resources."

"What! Someone starving in the Ruhr valley?" exclaims

*See "Germany's Capacity to Pay," pp. 191-192.

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Dr. Hillis. "Why the fields and gardens which lie between the different industrial plants have this year produced often forty bushels of wheat to the acre . . . while our Dakotas average fourteen bushels to the acre." What of it? On this analogy one might with equal truth argue that because there are gardens and fields within the limits of Greater New York more fertile than the fields of Dakota, therefore, our great metropolis can feed itself!

Before the war, fifteen million Germans, including, then as now, millions in the Ruhr, were dependent upon imported food. In the year 1922, because of the decline in the productivity of German soil, due especially to lack of fertilizer, an even larger percentage of population was dependent upon food brought across the frontier.

In 1922 Germany's net imports of grain in thousands of metric tons were as follows: wheat, 1,389; rye, 538; barley, 264; oats, 85; corn, 1,085.* In other words, Germany imported, last year, nearly three-fourths as much wheat as she herself produced (1,957,000 metric tons). Notwithstanding, Dr. Hillis asks us to believe that "as to bread, Germany can always have a surplus for other lands."

Without concerning himself with any of the basic problems involved in the payment of reparations, Dr. Hillis declares: "It is idle . . . for anyone to claim that Germany . . . is unable to pay her indemnity." It will perhaps not be idle to summarize some of the fundamental facts which Dr. Hillis ignores. First, the amount of indemnity still remains legally fixed at thirty-three billion dollars, despite repeated negotiations to lower it. The minimum sum suggested unofficially by French statesmen ranges from twelve and a half billion upward. The indemnity now owed amounts approximately to two-thirds the wealth of Germany.

But it is frequently argued that France, after the Franco-Prussian War, paid within two years the whole of the indem-

* "Germany's Capacity to Pay," p. 126.

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nity imposed by Germany. Yes! but this was only one billion dollars, which at present prices would amount to not more than two and a half billion, or less than one-fourth of the lowest figure officially suggested as Germany's obligation. Moreover, there is no real similarity between the task imposed on Germany and that imposed on France. The war of 1870 lasted scarcely three months. It left France unimpoverished, her credit unshaken, with an abundant gold reserve supporting her currency, and her foreign investments intact. As a result, she was able to make large cash payments in specie and notes of the Bank of France and to float at home and abroad two large loans which together yielded more than the amount of the indemnity.

Five years of war and the losses inflicted by the Treaty have destroyed Germany's credit; her currency is valueless; her gold reserve insignificant, amounting now to scarcely a hundred and twenty-five million dollars; her foreign investments have been confiscated or sequestrated and are unavailable for reparation payments. In short, there is no parallel between the reparation problem solved by France and that now facing Germany.

Second, Germany has already turned over to the Reparations Commission property, cash, and goods estimated by the Economic Institute at more than five billion dollars. The Allied estimate is much lower, that of Germany much higher. Probably the calculations of the American experts are nearer the truth than those of either interested party. In any event, it is evident that Germany has already paid, if not twice the present value of the French indemnity, at least an amount equivalent to the French payments.

Third, despite this transfer of vast wealth to the Allies, does Germany not still have huge cash balances abroad which could be used for immediate reparation payments? There have been various estimates of the amount of these foreign credits. Sir Robert Horne, formerly Chancellor of the British Exchequer, estimated them at five hundred million dollars. Mr. Reginald McKenna, also formerly Chancellor, put the sum at less than one billion dollars. Mr. Keynes estimates it at two hundred and

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fifty to seven hundred and fifty million dollars. Moulton and McGuire are inclined to favor the lower estimates.

Granted that even Mr. McKenna's estimate may be low, and that Germany may have two or three billion dollars abroad, this fact would not enable Germany to reduce her reparation total perceptibly. At least half of whatever balances she holds abroad, are being utilized, and must continue to be available for purchases of raw materials and food. Besides, the German Government has no power to force the return of that portion of these balances not used for commercial purposes. In only one way will the unused portion of these balances be made available for reparation payments. That is by enabling Germany to become so prosperous that her business men who have now hidden their resources abroad will, of their own volition, reinvest them in their businesses at home.

Fourth, the real measure of Germany's capacity to pay reparations cannot be gauged by the total national wealth, nor even by the excess of annual production over annual consumption. The only true basis of estimate is the excess of exports of goods and services over her imports,—services in this sense including the so-called "invisible items" of trade, shipping, insurance, and the like. For a decade before 1914 she imported more goods than she exported. This "unfavorable" balance was a little more than counterbalanced by profits from the German merchant marine, foreign investments, and insurance, leaving to Germany an average annual excess above exports of about one hundred million dollars.

But in 1922 the pre-war unfavorable balance was largely increased. Moreover, due to the confiscation of her investments abroad, the loss of her shipping, and the general disorganization of her foreign banking connections, Germany's gains from the invisible items were greatly reduced, leaving a net unfavorable balance.

Fifth, to increase the necessary surplus of production, Germany must organize her industries to the highest degree of efficiency. But to buy the food necessary for her population, and

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the raw materials essential for her industries, if they are to work to capacity, Germany must export more than three and a half billion dollars worth of goods, or more than double her 1922 volume of exports. The amount of reparations which she will be able to pay in any given year will therefore be determined by the extent to which her exports can be made to exceed three and a half billion dollars, less of course the additional imports which such increased exports would necessarily require.

For the ten years preceding the war, Germany's average exports were less than two billion dollars, hence before there will be any surplus for reparation payments Germany must evidently greatly increase her foreign trade even beyond the 1914 figure. And this unprecedented expansion must be made in the face of the lessened buying power of Europe and the increased tariffs in many of the countries, as in the United States, which before the war, were Germany's best markets.

Dr. Benjamin M. Anderson, Economist of the Chase National Bank, in an address delivered in Toronto, on April 26, 1923, sums up in a single paragraph the realistic and scientific as opposed to the impressionistic and sentimental view of this world important problem:

> "Germany can, if she is given time, pay more than she has already paid. If she is given a complete moratorium of from three to five years; if the total of her future payments is fixed definitely and finally at a sum which the Germans recognize as within their future ability to pay; if a definite schedule of payments, beginning with a modest sum three to five years hence and gradually ascending to a large annual sum, is set definitely, once for all; if meanwhile Germany is permitted to float a small loan, which has priority over reparations payments, to assist her in stabilizing her currency, and which will meet the urgent needs of the government, pending the reorganization of her tax system, so that it will not have to force the bank to print more bank notes; if, finally, Germany is given opportunity to trade on fair terms with the rest of the world; then Germany can make very substantial payments on the reparations account to France. But no amount of military pressure, at the present time, can get much more out of Germany than has already been got."

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INLAND SEAPORTS

By CLIFFORD THORNE

AT a cost less than that required to build the Panama Canal, we can develop a deep-water route through the Mississippi Valley linking the St. Lawrence with the Gulf of Mexico. It is prophesied that ships sailing from ports in Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri, borne by favorable currents to Europe and the Orient, will open up the Middle West as the center of all our national industries.

NOW that the World War is becoming a memory, our attention will be centered more and more upon a struggle which is world-wide in character, and perpetual,—the contest for commercial supremacy. Old connections have been seriously impaired during the past ten years. New ties and trade relationships are rapidly crystallizing. The present situation presents an opportunity to America such as may not occur again during a generation. Capital and labor in the United States must unite in the effort to obtain the commercial leadership of the world.

One factor of basic significance should be heeded: under normal conditions, with sufficient volume, it costs to ship a ton by rail from five to ten times what it costs to ship the same ton by water. Consider the tremendous handicap under which the producer or manufacturer in the interior of the United States must operate in competition for world commerce. To grasp the full significance of this situation requires a sort of inventory of the Mississippi valley and its relative importance, actual and prospective, in the community.

Within the Mississippi valley there is a land-locked territory equal in extent and possibilities to ten countries the size of France. Based upon the population density in certain portions of Europe, this area is capable of sustaining approximately one-third of the present population of the world.

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This princely domain lying between the Allegheny Mountains and the Rockies contains "the most productive drainage basin of any of the continents; and that basin is more advantageously located as to soils, rainfall, climatic conditions, and transportation facilities, natural and artificial, than any other of like extent in any part of the world." Those were the words of O. P. Austin, former chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Department of Commerce and Labor.

In the Mississippi valley, nature has paved the way for two of the greatest engineering feats on the globe. To the north, through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and to the south through the Mississippi River, we can develop an ocean highway.

By an estimated expenditure of $232,728,000 (at present prices of labor and materials) on the St. Lawrence waterway project, the cities on the Great Lakes can become virtually ocean ports. This will shorten the distance from these lake ports to European markets by more than five hundred miles. It will eliminate one thousand miles of railroad transportation through congested and costly terminals.

We have been told by its advocates that the sale of power created by the construction of the several dams which will be required will pay a liberal return on the investment. When the St. Lawrence project is completed it will, in effect, bring the great empire in the heart of the Mississippi valley, with its grain and live stock, and its coal and iron, a thousand miles closer to the ocean.

Chicago is approximately one thousand seven hundred miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and one thousand six hundred miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

If the base of the Washington Monument were placed at sea level at the mouth of the Mississippi River, the top of the monument would reach the level of low water on Lake Michigan. Based on the costs prevailing before the war, twenty-four feet of water could be secured from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence for less than the cost of the Panama

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Canal, according to Lyman E. Cooley, the former consulting engineer for the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway Association. We are not engineers. Mr. Cooley's statement may be questioned by some experts. The essential fact is that reputable engineers of high standing have reached the conclusion that the project is feasible.

Ocean-going vessels of all kinds, with the exception of about five per cent of the largest freight and passenger ships in the world, could go today from Lakes Superior and Michigan through Lake Huron, then Lake Ontario, and thence via the St. Lawrence River to Montreal,—were it not for a stretch of about fifty miles of rapids in the upper portion of the St. Lawrence. The creation of two large dams to make this navigable constitutes the crux of what is commonly known as the St. Lawrence project.

To the south from Lake Michigan it is proposed to deepen and and complete the channel across the Chicago divide through the Des Plaines and Illinois Rivers to the Mississippi River at St. Louis, and thence to the Gulf of Mexico, making it capable of handling ocean-going vessels. It is contemplated that all permanent improvements shall be constructed providing for an ultimate depth for the channel of twenty-four feet. In course of time the Mississippi valley will have a sea coast through its very center, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Mississippi and the Missouri, constituting the longest inland water course on the globe, drain this vast area into the Gulf of Mexico; and there we find a river in the ocean which we call the Gulf Stream. This ocean current, with the Gulf Stream drift, will assist us in carrying our freight to European markets; it travels at an average speed, the year round, estimated variously at from fifty to one hundred miles per day, which is swifter than the current in the Mississippi River and is several times faster than the average speed of American freight cars.

Should we desire to ship our products to the Orient, we have access through the Panama Canal to another river of the ocean,

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—the Pacific Equatorial Current, which flows on a direct line to the Philippines, and thence northerly along the Asiatic shores. The average speed of this ocean current is about twenty-five miles per day.

At the mouth of the river which serves the Mississippi valley we find already constructed by the Master Builder of the ages a great ocean current which will help to carry our products to Europe; and through the Panama Canal on the other side of a narrow isthmus we find another ocean current that is ready to assist in carrying our products toward Asia. All this is awaiting the finishing touches of man.

The possibilities of this scheme were recognized by several men of vision. In the early days of the Republic, George Washington stated in a letter to the Marquis de Chastelleux: "Prompted by those actual observations I could not help taking a more contemplative and extensive view of the vast inland navigation of these United States, and could not but be struck with the immense diffusion and importance of it; and with the goodness of that Providence which has dealt his favors to us with so profuse a hand. Would to God we may have wisdom enough to improve them."

Even the explorers LaSalle and Joliet, standing on the banks of the Des Plaines River, conceived the great possibilities of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway. Several generations later, Theodore Roosevelt said at a Conservation Congress in St. Paul: "The Lakes-to-the-Gulf deep waterway, and the development of the rivers which flow into it, should be pushed to completion vigorously and without delay. . . . The Mississippi should be made a loop of the sea, and work upon it should be begun at the earliest possible moment." That was twelve years ago.

Breadth of vision has been evidenced by C. H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central Railroad, who said: "If we have an interior waterway on which tonnage can be handled more cheaply than by rail, the two forms of transportation should be so correlated as to permit tonnage moving by the route which can handle it the most efficiently and economically." The

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necessity for this is real. There is need here for far-sighted statesmen and financiers to safeguard us against any extravagant errors that would be costly to this and future generations.

Concerning the practicability of the St. Lawrence project, Herbert C. Hoover, our Secretary of Commerce, was recently called as a witness. He qualified as "an engineer of some experience in industry," and a "citizen of some experience in food problems." Mr. Hoover stated: "The project is entirely feasible, the cost comparatively moderate."

Julius H. Barnes, head of the U. S. Grain Corporation during the recent war, estimates that the proposed development of the St. Lawrence waterway will mean a saving to the farmers of the west in the price of their grain of at least five cents per bushel. This includes lower transportation and transfer costs. On the basis that the price of export grain under normal conditions determines the price for the balance of the crop, this will mean approximately $180,000,000 annually to the farmers in the grain belt of the United States.

One of our greatest competitors in world commerce before the war was Germany. We are told that one of the chief factors contributing to her remarkable industrial development was the extensive use of her inland waterways, the tonnage by water increasing from 13,000,000 in 1875 to 109,000,000 in 1913.

Neither the railroads nor the eastern ports will maintain a permanent policy of throttling the full development of the natural resources of the rest of the nation. They know full well that the ultimate effect will be for the benefit of the whole people.

The slothfulness and procrastination of past generations must not become a precedent for the future. This will be one of the crowning achievements of this generation of men. Making an inland seacoast of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River will be followed by a tremendous industrial development of the Mississippi valley,—which, for that matter, even without this deep waterway and all its vast possibilities is rapidly coming into its own.

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The Mediterranean Sea has been serving a dense population of many nations for thousands of years; but even today there is more traffic on the Great Lakes than exists on the Mediterranean. The traffic through the canal at Sault Ste. Marie is twice as great as the traffic through the Suez Canal.

The value of being situated close to the heart of production and close to the center of consumption on the American continent is gradually sinking into the consciousness of business men. When the United States Steel Corporation sought a location for its new steel plant, the largest in the world, it selected Gary, Indiana, a point just outside of Chicago, a point in the Mississippi valley. When the Standard Oil Company established its great new refineries, among the largest on earth, they selected Whiting, Indiana, another point just outside of Chicago; Wood River, adjacent to St. Louis; Sugar Creek, close to Kansas City; and another point close to New Orleans, all being located in the Mississippi valley.

The oil and steel industries are not alone in the adoption of the policy of locating their plants near the center of supplies and the center of population. The greatest live stock market, and the largest packing establishments in the world are situated in Chicago. The largest flour mills are in Minnesota. The largest corn products manufacturing plant is found at Argo, Illinois. The greatest "independent" glucose manufacturing establishment in the world is situated on the Mississippi River.

You can stand on the bluffs at Keokuk, Iowa, and see into three states,—Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. Within their boundaries are to be found: the center of the total area in farms in the United States; the center of the number of farms; the center of improved acreage; the center of wheat, corn, and oat production; the center of live stock production; the center of farm values.

For more than a century the center of population has moved steadily westward. It will probably strike the river at some point between Keokuk and St. Louis. Since 1790 the center of population has moved westward 570 miles, but has not varied

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more than twenty miles from the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude during its entire journey.

The center of manufactures will ultimately seek the center of production and the center of consumption. It moved westward thirty-five miles from 1860 to 1880. During the next twenty years it moved approximately 125 miles,—always in a zone between the fortieth and forty-first parallels. This point has not been located by the Census Department since 1900.

It is to the interest of the railroads to have a long haul on the raw product, and a long haul on the finished product. With leather and cotton produced in the west and the south, and our factories and cotton mills located in New England, the railroads obtain a double haul of the shoes and clothing worn by the western and southern producers.

The men interested in those eastern factories, real estate, and railroads will be tempted to try to forestall a possible future competitor on the Mississippi River. They will be slow to revolutionize the present scheme of things. The first men who are broad-gauged and farsighted enough to appreciate the situation to its full, and to act, will reap the greatest rewards. New companies building their plants for the first time, and older companies seeking locations for present and future extensions, must select the Mississippi valley, or their competitors will do so, and thereby obtain an advantage of inestimable value.

The Mississippi valley is destined to become the great workshop of the world. With the Mississippi River meeting on the south the great ocean currents flowing to the Occident and to the Orient, and with the canal going to the north through the St. Lawrence, ocean-going vessels will carry her products to the farthest corners of the earth, and the metropolis of our nation, perhaps of the world, will be situated on the inland sea-coast. Universities, factories, cities, the peer of any on earth, will be found close to the Great Lakes or on the banks of the Father of Waters before the close of the twentieth century and will perhaps remain in that vicinity for several centuries, marking the center of American life.

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WHY WE ARE SILENT

The Problem Facing Young Ministers

By ALLAN ARMSTRONG HUNTER

WHILE preachers of long-standing dispute the virgin birth, a new generation of ministers and theological students, imbued with modern scientific thought, are bewildered by the much more urgent issue as to what attitude they are to adopt toward the confusing social problems of the day. How are they to find useful solutions? And can they dare, in their pulpits, to give frank utterance to the unorthodox doubts that are assailing them?

BATTLES now being waged between the older liberals and the fundamentalists seem to center in the issues as to whether the Bible is inerrantly inspired, whether Jesus was supernaturally born, whether his death appeased an otherwise implacable despot-deity, and whether he arose from the dead with the same body that was buried in the tomb. I am a theological student, aspiring to active service in the pastorate, and as I listen to the heated arguments of the opposed camps, I find myself curiously cold,—disappointingly cold. Just one thing in all this theological controversy impresses me. That is the amazing dumbness and diffidence of us younger men who are preparing to be ministers.

I am well acquainted with the popular idea: that we are pinfeathered chanticleers who expect the sun to rise to hear us crow, that we are cocksure and desperately vocal. But in reality we are insufferably shy, painfully out of ease. Not all of us, of course. There are "seminoles,"—theological students in hidebound seminaries who are learning to thunder the urgency of baptism and brimstone, of golden streets and the second coming, with what they convince themselves is conviction. In the premillennial Bible Institute of Los Angeles, for example, they will keep up the tumult and the shouting of their elders for at least

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another generation. But they constitute no more than an eddy in the stream of prophecy. The rising generation of ministers who are eager to interpret the progressive revelation of God to the men of today, have had the advantage of learning enough science in college to assume that the world was made not in six days, nor even, as quibbling conservatives put it "in six æons."

The problem for us who are preparing to be prophets is that we are overwhelmed with too many situations: the situation in the Ruhr, the situation in Russia, the situation in the oil fields abroad and the coal fields at home, the situation in the divorce courts. Our brains ache with them all; we are bewildered by thus having incessantly to bear the weary weights of this unintelligible world's worries. Day after day, in the class room, at table, and in our "bicker sessions," we pull these cosmic problems up and down in our minds. We pull and grow faint,—so faint that we have not the breath to vociferate against the conservatives, nor even against die-hards who insist that the very commas of the Bible are inspired.

It is not that with the sorrowful Matthew Arnold we are wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. It is rather that our world is born; and it is too big for us. As Chesterton points out, even the trusted laws of gravitation, thanks to Einstein, appear now to be dancing with a lamentable levity. As for evolution, it is not so simple as Darwin and Drummond, Nietzsche and Fiske proclaimed it to be.

The general hypothesis of living evolutionists like J. A. Thompson, that mind is gradually, through the ages, exerting "a stubborn dominance over matter," we accept and preach right gladly, for we are learning that perhaps the supreme principle of religion is growth, or,—to use the phrase of the Columbia University educators,—"activity leading on to further activity." And some of us feel that Jesus corroborates our faith in this principle when he says, "Greater things than these shall ye do," and "first the grain, then the blade, then the full corn in the ear." We do not think that there is any enmity between the hypothesis of evolution and the inspiration of the Bible: God

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has breathed his spirit into both. But we must admit that it is perplexing, almost bewildering, this necessary effort of ours to work out the full spiritual implications of the more recent expositions of the evolutionary hypothesis. Into what will the human race develop? Will changes take place in our religious standards as well as practises?

And this is our cry that comes from the deepest places of the heart: "O God, lead us to the paths of simplicity! Give us to say 'Nay!' and 'Yea!' without shadow of turning, without any need for qualifying our statements."

The other night at prayer meeting a pastor asked those present if they had any questions for discussion. One young man asked, "How can I be sure of right and wrong?"

"By following your conscience," was the clear cut answer and firm.

"Conscience!" No doubt it is definite and final enough for those long established in the Church. But we of the questioning generation are not so set in our minds. We have studied the origin of conscience, we have watched the effects of following the conscience without reservations; and now we suspect that it is pretty much a matter of environment, of the social group one happens to belong to. Conscience is a good deal like the pinch of discomfort a man feels, wearing pointed narrow-toed shoes when blunt ones are the fashion.

On the positive side, I have seen the pressure of conscience move a happily married woman to leave her home and break up her family. One metaphysician in Los Angeles, arguing with a young woman who had doubts about the righteousness of traveling abroad, on the grounds that perhaps it would be acting selfishly toward her parents, swept aside all scruples with this exhortation, "Go ahead! You should do as you feel like doing. The fact that you want to go so badly shows that it is the *voice of God in your heart.*"

We ministers under thirty really envy the assurance of our betters in the pulpit who are wont to vindicate their stand in the war with this formula: "I am absolutely right. When a

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ruffian enters my house and attacks my mother, I know I must kill him. When the Germans invaded Belgium, there was no doubt."

It would bring a great peace to our minds if we could settle the war thus promptly, thus completely. But we cannot. Too many problems are tangled up together. What would have happened, for example, if the French in 1914 had listened to their own Romain Rolland, or the Russian Tolstoi, or Jesus of Nazareth,—and harkening had met German violence with the refusal to murder millions of men in return?

It was simple enough intellectually for the Donald Hankeys and the Rupert Brookes and those fellows who fell before disillusion sickened their vision. But to some of us who were not killed then and are not able now to close our eyes to what France is doing to her neighbors, it is not so clear. Our revulsion of sentiment is suggested, but only suggested, in the exclamation of the young English poet, Robert Nichols: "War does not ennoble; it degrades."

Red moments blind us when we clench our fists fanatically with the words, "Well, one thing we know. If there is another war, we'll go to jail in protest,—we'll do anything rather than go out and butcher men that the propagandizers will tell us are our enemies!"

But this is only whistling in the dark. We are sufficiently aware of the tricks that take place in other people's minds and our own to realize that if the flag were unfurled and the ladies started action with white feathers to pin on slackers' breasts, we would gallantly revise our interpretations,—our mollycoddle interpretations as the Roosevelts would term them,—of the sermon on the mount. We would no doubt quote as lustily as the older ones did in 1917 and 1918 the incident of the whip of cords and the money changers in the temple, along with the "I came to bring not peace but a sword" passage. And we would righteously try to get into the flying corps. At least there would be the horrible chance of our relapsing like this.

Again, we envy the brilliant young radicals writing for cer-

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tain journals and conducting forums, who have swallowed whole the pacifist non-resistance platform. It would be so intellectually restful if we could join them and stop thinking. If we could shout, "No More War!" If we could register only disgust upon seeing a battleship, after the manner of a certain seminary student who likes to debate against war. When this friend beholds a dreadnaught on the Hudson he gets a sudden attack of *mal de mer;* and the mere sight of Grant's Tomb, "that barbaric glorification of militarism," makes him a little queasy. The flag he hates to see in a church; he would abolish militarism.

And he is right: militarism should be abolished. But the majority of us who are on the threshold of the ministry crave more data as to how, specifically, to do it. We have pretty well lost confidence in the efficacy of just preaching goodwill and peace on earth. We want to get at the economic and sociological causes of tension between nations before we start hammering upon our pulpits about it. And frankly, we have not yet got those causes sewed up in our minds.

Many of us have gone to no end of trouble in our effort to deal with war scientifically. We have read and reread Thorndyke, William James, Woodworth, and J. A. Hobson, seeking to understand the part that the various instincts have to play in breeding conflicts. We have taken notes on the lectures of Norman Angell, Bertrand Russell, and John Haynes Holmes on the economic futility of war; we have underlined and digested articles on its spiritual futility. We have even learned to discuss the matter with our older friends in the field of history, pacifically, without losing our tempers; and we have prayed that light might come from Gandhi's non-cooperation movement in India. Some of us have travelled through Europe and Asia interviewing financial and ethical leaders, or attending student conferences, to the end that we might know.

But we don't know. Some of us are coming to the conviction, a few have already arrived at the conviction, that this world is a net of psychological and economic forces with a mesh too small to let any of our pet panaceas slip through to an idealistic solu-

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tion. "There can be no peace now but a common peace, no prosperity but a general prosperity,"—that is one of the few assurances we have.

Almost equally tormenting, in some cases far more perplexing, is the economic issue. A young Congregationalist entering the ministry explodes in a letter: "The business of social injustice lies about me like a bar of heavy lead. I'm not going into churches forever to patter about things that don't matter. This matters,—and yet I am afraid to speak about it. A great deal of time is needed to think about this and reach a point of surety."

To our gray-haired friends who own stock in the United States Steel Corporation, we cannot pretend that our industrial autocracy is a righteous system. On the other hand, our enthusiasm for guild socialism or what-not generally chills after a few months of honest-to-goodness study.

Our hearts burn within us when we talk over the ways of the Utopians as described by H. G. Wells, where the acquisitive instinct is so sublimated that there is no profiteering, no sanguinary competition, not even coinage, and everybody gives full play to the creative instinct out of sheer passion for work and service. Then our hearts grow cold and our minds numb when we realize that not one preacher in this country has a clearly defined platform that appeals to us, on which the needs of employers and employees as well as consumers can be reconciled.

Furthermore, most older ministers are so choked with the mere mechanics of pastoral work,—what Brother Lawrence would call "trivial devotions,"—that they utterly fail to face with insight the issue of industrial democracy. By industrial democracy is meant among other things not only sufficient wages and hours of leisure to the working man wherewith to live a decent life, but also a voice in the administration of the occupation in which he is engaged.

A young friend says of his pastor that he is a delightful man, "But he is making no dent, economically speaking, on the world rulers of this darkness,—he has his kids to take care of, you

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know. Perhaps," concludes my friend, "this social gospel is an idea which we have erected into a Christ. All the same, we are ready to suffer for it."

About divorce, I suppose that most of us entertain views that would make the apostle Paul turn over in his grave, were we to come out with them. Some day we hope to have a science of human relationships, in accordance with which people will not marry until they have thoroughly tested out the compatibility of their temperaments. Meanwhile the Church does little specifically to educate young men and women to marry intelligently and to live together skilfully, happily, hygienically in marriage; and we are inclined to believed that until the Church takes scientific steps to educate against divorce, it has no right arbitrarily to forbid relief from those marriages which have become a crushing bondage.

As regards birth regulation, there may be something in Wells' suggestion that in this age of confusion the fundamental evil is the overcrowding of the planet, and that two hundred and fifty million people are enough. At any rate, to help offset "insensate multiplication of the common life," a classmate at seminary apparently considers it a vital part of his mission work on the foreign field to spread such information among the dense native poor of China as shall encourage them to prevent over-crowding. The fact that a Japanese general has protested against propaganda for birth control on the argument that it will cut off prospective recruits for the Imperial army, corroborates our conviction that in this field lies one of the most vital problems for organized religion to face,—the problem of directing the forces that increase population throughout the world.

At the heart of this problem is the new and urgent necessity of working out a more finely adjusted code between men and women, based on standards of personality and the sanctity of the sources of life.

We wish to avoid being hard and dogmatic. Joseph Conrad says, "At a time when nothing which is not revolutionary in some way or other can expect to attract much attention, I have

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not been revolutionary in my writings. The revolutionary spirit is mighty convenient in this, that it frees one from all scruples as regards ideas. Its hard, absolute optimism is repulsive to my mind by the menace of fanaticism and intolerance it contains." There are stirring within us new scruples as regards ideas, and a new hatred,—the hatred of intolerance.

These issues, these situations, these problems that have browbeaten us who hope to preach, are so bewildering that we can sympathize a little with one young idealist, who, after doing his stint in the war, joined the American Friends' Reconstruction work in Europe. Disenchanted with such ameliorative efforts, he suddenly jumped into a career of art with this apologia: "It's no use trying to do anything along the present lines in Europe or at home. What is being done now," he explained, standing at his easel in Paris, "is just painting cancer with iodine."

That may be, but despite its shortcomings, the Church is a clinical laboratory dedicated to working out a cure. Its intervening dogmas and bigotries notwithstanding, the Church is pledged to the person of Jesus whose spirit is the only spirit that can solve the problems now leaving us stunned and mute. Jesus valued persons above military successes, above property systems, above social institutions,—infinitely above these things. And we cannot forget that, as our Leader, He puts us under the inescapable obligation to attest our reverence for men by standing ready to pay any price,—even as He paid it,—that they may have the more abundant life.

Under that obligation, somehow and before long, we hope to have something definite if not dogmatic to say. But the word that we shall speak will not be for or against the virgin birth, the blood atonement, the verbal infallibility of Scripture,—issues as dead as those battled over in the Civil War. Rather, the word that we shall speak will be toward the living truth that sets men free.

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IS AMERICA TOO HOSPITABLE?

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

WITH hordes of potentially bad citizens knocking at our doors, Mrs. Gilman is for sending out word: "Not at Home." By recklessly including all nationals in the simmering pot of American citizenship, she believes the resulting concoction will be neither soup nor pudding. Is it possible to define an American as the only person who invites the world to crowd him out of his home?

THERE is a question, sneeringly asked by the stranger within our gates: "What is an American?" The American, who knows he is one but has never thought of defining himself, is rather perplexed by the question. A simple answer is here suggested: "Americans are the kind of people who make a nation which every other nationality wants to get into." The sneering stranger then replies: "By no means. It is not your nation we admire,—far from it! It is your great rich country we want to get into."

But Africa is a great rich country, too; why not go there? They do not wish to go there; the country is "undeveloped;" there are savages in it. True, but this country was undeveloped, when we came here, and there were savages in it.

Our swarming immigrants do not wish for a wilderness, nor for enemies. They like an established nation, with free education, free hospitals, free nursing, and more remunerative employment than they can find at home.

The amazing thing is the cheerful willingness with which the American people are giving up their country to other people, so rapidly that they are already reduced to a scant half of the population. No one is to blame but ourselves. The noble spirit of our founders, and their complete ignorance of sociology began the trouble. They honestly imagined that one kind of man was as good as another if he had the same opportunity,—unless his

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color was different. Consequently they announced, with more than royal magnificence, that this country was "an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations."

"F. P. A.'s" remark on this point is worth remembering,—"Some of us, who are not particularly poor nor oppressed, but who have to live in the asylum, suggest that the more violent inmates be confined in separate wards."

Those high-minded old forefathers of ours were strangely lacking in even the political knowledge of their time, to imagine that "the poor and oppressed" were good stock to build up the country. The more competent, skillful, and daring were able to get on at home. The poor and oppressed were the under dogs, necessarily. A nation largely composed of under dogs is not likely to remain on top.

Never was a nation founded at so high a level of political idealism. However, there were three things our generous founders could not foresee: the development of steam manufacture, of steam transportation, and of colossal selfishness ready to sacrifice the good of the country to private profit.

Any man who knows enough to recognize that the advantages of another country are better than his own; who is strong enough to break home ties, brave enough to face the unknown, and who has saved enough to pay his passage, is likely to make a good citizen in the land of his choice.

But when we scour Europe for "cheap labor," deliberately seeking poor citizens instead of good ones, baiting them with glowing advertisements, and arranging to be paid from the proceeds of their labor, the resultant flood of low-grade humanity is not immigration at all, but sheer importation, which should be dutiable!

We used fondly to take for granted that the incoming millions loved the country as we did, and felt eager to join it. Some of them do. Enormous numbers do not. It is quite true that we ourselves are a mixed race,—as are all races today,—and that we were once immigrants. All Americans have come from somewhere else. But all persons who come from somewhere

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else are not therefore Americans. The American blend is from a few closely connected races.

The idealism of our forefathers with its unavoidable ignorance, is more than matched today by our own idealism,—though we have knowledge enough to modify it. With glowing enthusiasm we have seized upon one misplaced metaphor, and call our country now a "melting pot" instead of an asylum. Our country is our home. Any man who wants to turn his home either into an asylum of a melting pot is,—well, he is a person of peculiar tastes.

Why did we ever so stupidly accept that metaphor? A melting pot is a crucible. It has to be carefully made of special material and carefully filled with weighed and measured proportions of such ores as will combine to produce known results. If you put into a melting pot promiscuous shovelfuls of anything that comes handy you do not get out of it anything of value, and you may break the pot.

The blending of races is not a new process. It has been going on ever since the different racial stocks were established and began to fight with one another, killing the men and marrying the women, mixing continually. We have all history to tell us about it, and all political geography to show us the results.

Since genus homo is one species, it is physically possible for all races to interbreed, but not therefore desirable. Some combine well, making a good blend, some do not. We are perfectly familiar in this country with the various blends of black and white, and the wisest of both races prefer the pure stock.

The Eurasian mixture is generally considered unfortunate by most observers. Of European races some seem to mate with better results than others. On the Levant, where there is as complete and longstanding a mongrelization as could be offered for study, the result is not an improved stock.

It is an entire mistake to suppose that the well-ordered World Federation to which we look forward requires the wiping out of national entity, or the physical compounding of racial stocks.

It is also a mistake to suppose that social evolution requires

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the even march of all races to the same goal. Again we have the open pages behind us to study. The sea-weeds and mosses have not all become oaks and roses, the monads and rotifers have not all become quadrupeds, nor have all the quadrupeds become bipeds and mammals. Evolution selects, and social evolution follows the same law. If you are trying to improve corn you do not wait to bring all the weeds in the garden to the corn level before going on.

Genus canis, like genus homo, can interbreed practically without limit. But if you want a watch-dog you do not mate an Italian greyhound with a hairless pup from Mexico.

If dogs are left to themselves, in some canine "asylum" or "melting-pot," they are cheerfully promiscuous, but do not produce a super-dog. On the contrary they tend to revert to the "yaller dog," the jackal type so far behind them.

The present-day idealists have two main grounds of appeal in their defense of unlimited immigration. One is the advantage to us of the special gifts of the imported stock; the other is the advantage to them of the benefits of democracy. This last may be promptly disposed of. Any people on earth who want a democracy and are able to carry it on, can have one at home. There is no power above them which can prevent it. But if they do not want a democracy, or are unable to carry it on, they are a heavy drawback to us.

We are young in our great effort, we have by no means succeeded yet in developing this high form of government in full efficiency, in unimpeachable honesty and wise economy. Democracy moves on by the spread of ideas; majorities must be convinced, converted; a community of intellect is needed. The more kinds of races we have to reach, with all their differing cultures, ideas, tastes, and prejudices, the slower and harder is the task of developing democracy.

It would be far more helpful to the world if we could make such clear advance alone as to set all nations to imitating us, rather than to mix our physical stock and clog the half grown "body politic" with all manner of undemocratic peoples.

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Now as to those "gifts" they are to bring us. In an article in *The Survey* some years since, Mr. John Collier, writing "For a New Drama," tells of a "Polish National University" with 1500 students, at Cambridge Springs, Pa., which is "consecrated to the preservation, in this new and deadening world, of those group achievements and group hopes,—one among a hundred streams of group endeavor,—which are our most precious heritage in all this land."

It is not quite clear whether it is the Polish group which contributes our most precious heritage, or all the hundred. We ourselves, apparently, are only responsible for "this new and deadening world," our "melting pot" a sort of contribution box, enriched from without.

Mr. Collier thinks that "before long the Poles will become self-conscious with reference to drama," and further hopes, "the interdiction against the hyphen notwithstanding, that America may prove to be indeed a free land, and may learn to solicit as well as tolerate this impulse of group creativeness which is inarticulately manifest in the half-formed drama of the Poles."

This is a very good expression of a common and serious error. It is true of course that each separate nation has its own "gifts." A nation is a self-supporting group of people long enough associated in one country to form a certain type and to develop a certain culture of its own. It then produces after its kind such contributions to social progress as it may, some nations more, some less. A wandering people, as the Gypsies, is not a nation.

The development of humanity is measured by these national gifts, these steps in commerce and industry, in science, in religion, in literature and music and all the arts, in discoveries and inventions. But this distinctive product is evolved in the privacy of each nation, so to speak, and may then be shared.

The painting and music of Italy appeared in Italy, the art and science of France in France, the inventions and literature of England in England. Separate colonies of different nations in another country are not noted for their "gifts," much less a mixture of heterogeneous peoples of the most contrary genius and

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tendency. If "the half-formed drama of the Poles" is to become a living thing it will be in Poland, not in Pennsylvania.

The American people, as a racial stock, are mainly of English descent, mingled with the closely allied Teutonic and Scandinavian strains, of which indeed the English are compounded, together with some admixture of the Celt and Gæl. The Latin races are represented more in South and Central America, with the French largely segregated in one province in Canada. It may be added, as to such a settlement, that when it came to the world war, this colony of transplanted Frenchmen would fight neither for the country they came from nor the country they came to. It is the French in France who command the honor and admiration of the world.

The American people, as representing a group culture, brought with them from England and Holland and Scandinavia the demand for freedom and the capacity to get it. Owing to their vast and sudden advantages in soil and climate, in mineral wealth and geographic isolation, they made rapid growth and were able to add to their inherited tendencies a flexible progressiveness, an inventive ingenuity, a patience and broad kindliness of disposition which form a distinct national character.

It is precisely this American character which is taken advantage of by the "poor and oppressed." The poorer and more oppressed they are the more they need it. Some great and good citizens have come to us, from various stocks, but this is a question of race mixture. There is no claim here made as to racial superiority. Almost any race is superior to others in some particular. Each has not only a right but a duty to develop its own special powers. The intellect of India or China is far more highly developed than ours in some lines, but if these races possessed this country they would only make another India or China. Indeed if our land were reinforced with a vast population of angels from heaven it would not be America!

One of the sharpest irritants arising from the various alien elements in our national body comes from an intensely self-satisfied group of young foreigners who come here to criticise and

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improve us. These, being more vocal than the poor and oppressed, are loud in disapproval. They are not content with founding universities for themselves, but enter ours and seek to dominate them.

They openly scorn our national culture, proclaiming the high superiority of their own. They are particularly sarcastic about our recent feeble efforts to digest the indigestible and assimilate the unassimilable, looking over this great country, in which already there are a full half of varied Unamericans. We have whole colonies of them with their own languages, schools, and newspapers, their children growing to maturity without even learning English, merely using this country as a convenience for temporary profit or permanent colonizing. Observe them in the war, taking flight in great numbers to fight for their respective home-lands, or staying here to work us in their interests. Even so long established residents as the Irish remain Irish,—they are not Americans. They would willingly sacrifice the interests of this country, or of the world as a whole, for the sake of Ireland.

Nationals of such pure intensity should bestow their talents on the lands they love. Internationalists, of the sort who wish to belong to none, but mix all racial ingredients into a smooth paste, should select an uninhabited island for their experiment.

These social mixers should study the art of cooking. You may take sugar, butter, eggs, milk, and flour, with dried fruit and flavoring extracts, and by rightly combining these ingredients make cake. You may take meat, bones, onions, tomatoes, with salt, pepper, and fine herbs, and by rightly combining these ingredients make soup. But if you mix sugar and meat, butter and bones, eggs and onions, milk and tomatoes, fine herbs and flavoring extracts, salt, pepper, and dried fruit,—you make neither soup nor cake but something we pay to have removed.

What is an American? The only kind of person on earth who invites all creation to crowd him out of house and home. And even he is beginning dimly to wonder if it is not time to withdraw the invitation.

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GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

By HORACE GREEN

With a Linoleum Cut By Harry Townsend

A ROMAN SENATOR among the Babbitts of Washington, a statesman who quotes Pericles from memory, an athlete with the highest university degrees, a mountain-climber who can settle coal strikes, a champion of individual liberties, as he showed in his battle on behalf of the Leavenworth prisoners, a lawyer, professor and pulpit orator,—these are a few of the rôles in which the Senator from Pennsylvania has won nation-wide renown.

A FRIEND who insinuates presidential possibilities to the senior Senator from Pennsylvania, finds the atmosphere disturbed, although it is not exactly a case of Cæsar refusing the crown. When the present titular head of the Republican Party is riding tight-kneed (and tight-mouthed) in the saddle, a quiet gait is not only expected of his followers in the 1924 procession, but honestly preferred by them. It is always in order, however, to discuss the personality and exploits of statesmen who have the supreme virtue of being interesting, and since the heyday of Theodore Roosevelt, no more all-round figure has appeared in the public forum than George Wharton Pepper.

In the University of Pennsylvania, from which he graduated at the age of twenty with Phi Beta Kappa and the presidency of his class, he was considered an athlete,—if catching on the class baseball team, playing varsity cricket, running the half mile and throwing the hammer on the varsity track team, rowing on the class crew, and playing fullback on the varsity football team, come under the head of athletics.

He gobbled his law degree and the Sharswood prize two years later, and, after years of semi-public service at the bar, received LL.D.'s from the University of Pennsylvania, the Uni-

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versity of the South, Yale, and Pittsburg, and D.C.L. from Trinity. He was and is a member of the law firm of Henry, Pepper, Bodine, and Stokes, and, from 1893-1910, Algernon Sidney Biddle Professor of Law at the University of Pennsylvania, of which he is a trustee. He was appointed Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale; the first layman, they say, to receive such an honor.

His legal activities include representing Gifford Pinchot in the famous Ballinger-Pinchot struggle; representing organized baseball when it was sued by the Federal League for being a combination in restraint of trade; representing the United Fruit Company, Pierre Du Pont, the Labor Unions, the Coal Unions, and eventually in the coal strike, offering his services for the Commonwealth.

A herculean work in conjunction with William Draper Lewis, is the thirty-two volume "Digest of Decisions and Encyclopedia of Pennsylvania Law." Add to this that he was color sergeant at Plattsburg; that he is Fellow-Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; a mountain climber; lover of children and grandchildren, swimming, tennis, ancient literature, simplicity; and a member of the American Philosophical Society,—and it is apparent that he is not exactly single-tracked in mind, body, or estate.

Pepper combines, in short, the physique of an elephant with the versatility of a chameleon. Yet versatility, with its suggestion of pliable brilliance, is not at all the impression given; for as they said of Stevenson, he was one of the few writers whose character did not suffer either from personal charm or ease of literary accomplishment.

Pepper seems to fit into every part for which he is cast, but to stand out head and shoulders above the other actors. Put him into a khaki shirt and you have the giant backwoodsman; put him into the pulpit and you have a Phillips Brooks; put him on the floor of the Legislature and, Curtain! a mighty Roman senator, clear of argument and simple of speech, seems by magic to have arisen from the ranks of babbling Babbitts.

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They still speak of that day toward the end of the welter of discussion in which the late and little lamented Sixty-ninth Congress buried the Ship Subsidy Bill, when a towering figure with the shoulders of an all-American guard and voice incongruously soft, arose on the extreme Republican left and told the dozing wearers of the toga that many of the shop-worn Senate customs had been reduced to the point of absurdity; that the filibuster was particularly contemptible; that during the remainder of his senatorial term he was going to talk to the point or not at all; and that "above our chatter and above the creaking of our antiquated rules" he seemed to hear the insistent condemnation of public opinion.

From a newcomer, scarcely weaned in ways senatorial, the speech was a wicked jolt; yet he made a successful issue of it. One remembers even better Pepper's address in a seaside chapel on the coast of Maine forty-eight hours after the news of Mr. Harding's death had flashed across the continent. As sometimes his habit under emotion, he took refuge in the classics.

"To speak of men,"—he quoted from memory Pericles' oration over those who had died in battle,—"preserving a due medium is a hard matter; and especially about things in which a fixed persuasion of the truth is with difficulty established. For every man is wont to praise him that is no more, so even that with an excess of merit you will hardly get an equal reputation, but still be thought a little short." Aside from the fact that the occasion, the words, and the speaker are not easily forgotten, it is a fact that the scholar had not erred in a single syllable,—a trick of memory taught by a blind tutor chosen by Pepper's mother in the days when it was thought that the youngster himself would lose his eyesight.

To speak of the Pennsylvania Senator "preserving a due medium" is to mention a quality of which some of those distantly acquainted with him complain: a certain virtuosity, bordering on the "goody-goody." For this reputation, admirers, particularly feminine, are largely to blame. It is the sort of mush typified by a recent Sunday paper in which Pepper's creed, "The

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George Wharton Pepper

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Simple Faith," is printed in large letters in the center of the page with a drawing of the Senator's fine features on one side of the page and the Carpenter of Nazareth on the other side!

That Pepper takes himself so seriously is too absurd for comment. His humor, as well as his human qualities, is abundant. On a scorching day this summer he climbed the basin trail near Mt. Kathadin, clad, above the waist, more or less like the lilies of the valley, so that his figure loomed like Atlas on the mountain top. When a mixed party encountered him unexpectedly, the Senator remarked dryly that it was no place for ladies.

Pepper's habit of deep analysis, which gives the impression of honesty, is one of his most valuable assets. He has not, so far as this writer knows, worked out permanent solutions for such matters as coal strikes, immigration, and the never-to-be-downed question of a tribunal for the avoidance of war. His is perhaps too conservative a mind. But it is enlightening to examine the approach to existing problems. His first vote in the Senate against the expulsion of Newberry hurt Pepper in some quarters because it rated him as an organization voter. During vitriolic arguments as to whether Newberry had been guilty of conspiracy to defraud, on the count of excessive campaign expenditure, Pepper quietly studied the evidence. He found that the funds had been spent in pre-primary publicity; that the subject had been thrashed out for two months in the State of Michigan, that the people thereupon chose Newberry and rejected Ford.

The question therefore resolved itself into this: "Shall the Senate substitute its judgment for that of the people of Michigan, as to what constitutes reasonable pre-primary expenditure?" Pepper's decision was immediately taken, for he believed,—the words are his,—that any other decision would have been "the mongrel offspring of malice and muddy thinking."

Take again the case of the Sacramento prisoners in Leavenworth Penitentiary, and the Chicago war convicts. The release of these men is of greater political significance than the East appreciates. During Mr. Harding's trip, Amnesty Committees in

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St. Louis, Salt Lake, and Kansas, were refused audience by the late Chief Executive. A St. Louis member of President Taft's Cabinet was convinced that the farmer-labor revolt was not altogether economic. He told me it was largely a war aftermath, smoldering resentment against the treatment of lukewarm war enthusiasts in general, and in particular, second and third generation Scandinavians and Germans.

Mr. Pepper's fight for unequivocal release, "not Amnesty but justice," has brought his name sharply before the mid-western voters. His decision rests upon basic principles. "As a Senator," he says in effect, "I have nothing to do with these cases; but as a lawyer I cannot refuse an opinion. The Sacramento case like others was appealed, but the Court sustained all the counts. This fact has been cited by the Department of Justice as cancelling the claim that they are 'political' prisoners. They are sometimes vaguely referred to as 'murderers' and 'dynamiters,' though neither charge figures in the overt acts alleged against them. But instead of discussing political methods to fight alleged political prisoners we must return to the fundamental considerations of personal privilege under the Constitution." To read the full decision is to feel that he could not bring himself to any other conclusion.

A conversation at the height of this autumn's coal strike excitement is a random example of Pepper's habit of unbiased analysis. It has Lincolnian elements. Pepper, as most of us recall, was the man who settled the 1922 coal strike; but his name, unlike that of Governor Pinchot, did not cover the front pages. The confidential reports of that settlement read like a five-reel thriller entitled "Pepper on the Spot:" Pepper, S. D. Warriner, Chairman of the Operators' Committee, and W. J. Richards, wrestling with the problem at Pepper's Pennsylvania farm; Pepper, drafting the invitation from the operators to the miners; Pepper and Hoover framing a preliminary basis for settlement; Pepper, Warriner, and John L. Lewis, Chief of the United Mine Workers, in an all-night session in the Senator's Washington office; Pepper and Senator Reed drafting a

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revised basis of settlement; Pepper reporting to Harding; Pepper on September 2, 1922, sitting in his Philadelphia office from 9 p. m. to 4 a. m. in telephonic touch with both miners and operators, and finally, just before dawn, bringing them together on the dotted line for the famous 1922 Treaty of Anthracite.

One morning, during September, 1923, a visitor sat on the porch of Pepper's Mt. Desert Island cottage, overlooking a rocky ledge, where clusters of green pine needles make a frame for the shivering sea. It was remarked that, as Pepper had won the confidence of both miners and operators, he should have been chosen to arbitrate again. Nine men out of ten would have waved aside the compliment in a manner which implied agreement. Not so Pepper. Within five minutes he had given five convincing reasons why the present situation demanded a new personality. "Today," he concluded, "the logical arbitrator is Pinchot."

Reverting to the speculation with which this sketch started, a host of Mr. Pepper's admirers consider that he is of presidential calibre and presidential timber, but not, in 1924, seriously available. He is only in his fifty-sixth year, and 1928 is not so distant on the horizon. And yet one man's guess at this stage of calculation is as good as another's. On the eve of the 1920 convention who but the admiring Daugherty would have staked his reputation on the nomination of Warren Harding? And at 7:29 p. m. on that fateful August 2nd at San Francisco, when Mr. Harding went before his Last Electorate, what living man could have forecast that at 7:30 o'clock, Calvin Coolidge would become the thirtieth Chief Executive?

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BAINBRIDGE COLBY

By ARTHUR WILISTON

THE former Secretary of State is described as an experienced statesman able to weigh labor and capital in the balance and develop a constructive policy. A lawyer who sacrificed an important practice to join the Shipping Board, who won the fight against Tammany for an "unbossed" judiciary, and who continued to show the courage of his convictions on stepping into the office left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Lansing.

NO one is just born with the qualifications of a good President, unless of course he happens to have been born in Ohio or Virginia. Presidents whom the country snared outside these states were not born to the honor, but trained into it. Bainbridge Colby belongs in the latter class. Ollie James is said to have been the first man to voice the opinion that Colby was presidential timber. Colby and the Senator from Kentucky spoke at a dinner. Mr. James came of a school that knew oratory and was high in the class where it was taught. Mr. Colby, the lights, and the general surroundings filled the Kentuckian with delight and admiration for the New Yorker. "That fellow is Presidential timber," said James to his neighbor at the table, and in response to the inquiry why? replied, "He has the oratorical ability of a Kentuckian, a vocabulary that woudn't take second money from the Century dictionary, and he's the only thin man I ever saw who had the courage to wear a turn-down collar with evening clothes."

Bainbridge Colby comes of good American stock. Not moneyed ancestry, but the kind we like to read about in school histories. On his father's side the Colbys were of revolutionary times. His grandfather Luke Colby was a soldier of the war of 1812. His father, a college professor, was an officer in the Union Army. On his mother's side he is descended from the

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Bainbridge family of naval renown. He was born in St. Louis, although his mother and father were born in New York state, as were their forbears.

His early education was in the public schools of St. Louis and he was graduated from Williams College. In college he was a fine ball player and a formidable middleweight amateur boxer. He was graduated from Columbia Law School, where Charles Evans Hughes was then the Dean. One cold evening Colby went back to his bread and cheese and beer and yesterday's law journal, in his room in Washington Square, with a diploma that permitted him to shake a client by the hand, slap him on the back, and murmur a retainer in his ear.

All young lawyers, unless they have rich fathers, have to start that way. It would be better if the hero of a possible presidential nomination could start chopping cordwood, or had to peddle fish, swing a lantern in a railroad yard, or follow a plough. But the subject of this sketch had a task much less picturesque. All he had was that diploma handed to him by Charles Evans Hughes, and after that an office down town in a sky scraper. It isn't fair to say it was Wall Street, because it might not have been and that might hurt him with the farmers.

Just about that time another Missourian who always took himself seriously got in financial difficulties. The court named Bainbridge Colby receiver for Mark Twain. When asked if he were acquainted with the young man named as receiver, the famous author drawled, "We are related in a way, fellow Missourians. We are connected either by the Wabash or the Hannibal and St. Joe Road."

A practicing attorney, Mr. Colby formed the law partnership of Alexander and Colby and became counsel for the Equitable Life Assurance Company. He went into politics and affiliated with the Republicans. He served a term in the Assembly and was considered by the press gallery as the best first term man that ever took a toe-hold on legislation and twisted it when he didn't like it. One year making laws for the state was enough, and Colby declined a renomination in a certain-to-be-reelected

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district. There was a suspicion when he refused to go back to the Assembly that his ideas about the party to which he swore allegiance were changing.

At this time ideas were being sown that made Colby uncertain about the Republican party being watched over jointly by Mark Hanna and the Deity. When the Equitable Life Assurance Company was attacked, in the Hyde days, Colby raised more trouble than any one had bargained for. The attorney knew the Equitable was as clean or cleaner than the other companies, and it was his move that resulted in a legislative investigation. The committee needed counsel. Charles Evans Hughes was in Europe. Colby suggested him, and Mr. Hughes came home to ride into the Governorship on the record he made as an investigator of Insurance.

Colby supplied the leads and put the corkscrew into the bottle. Mr. Hughes did the extracting. Following the investigation, which had disclosed much political corruption in the way of contributions, insurance laws were passed that safeguarded the money of the policy holders. Rival companies had tried to pull down the Equitable. In his fight to save the Equitable Colby pulled down everything, and elevated Hughes.

As a younger man with progressive ideas, Colby came to the attention of Theodore Roosevelt, with whom he had many things in common. Both liked the open air and clean living and were against corruption in politics. Colby could not see the Republican party. The Democratic party dominated by William Jennings Bryan made no appeal to him. Then came the Progressive line-up of 1912, and Colby became a spokesman of the new party. It was a campaign that made a lot of old friends part company forever. It left wounds that time will not heal entirely, and Woodrow Wilson became President of the United States.

Mr. Colby had left the Republicans for good. Some people did not think so. They could not see how a lawyer with corporation clients whose interests were large, could go anywhere but with the Republican band-wagon. Four years later the

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old guard nominated Mr. Hughes, and the Progressives refused to follow Roosevelt back into the fold.

Then and there Colby decided that Woodrow Wilson was a good enough President for him. He supported Wilson. Mr. Hughes escaped being elected only by a whisker, to use a racing phrase, and many thought Colby helped pull out the whisker.

When we were through our period of watchful waiting in 1917 and the Shipping Board was formed, he was called to Washington and asked to become a member. There was no hesitancy about the answer. Mr. Colby moved to Washington with the alacrity of an Arkansas farmer going into another county, who had nothing to do but put out the fire, call the dog, and move. He abandoned a law practice at a great financial sacrifice and remained with the Shipping Board until after the armistice was signed.

With General Tasker Bliss he went to England and France in the winter of 1917-18, ran his chances with submarines, transacted the business for which he was sent, and came back and reported to the President. From that day until the signing of the armistice Mr. Colby had his almost daily conference with the President. Mr. Hurley was the head of the Board and Charles M. Schwab ran the Emergency Fleet Corporation. That was a big combination. Mr. Colby was of it. Some say he was it.

Those were the days when persons who knew Colby seldom saw him smile. He was no longer the after-dinner talker of merry jest and story, not the brilliant wit at the bar; but a silent thoughtful big national figure whose office light burned until one or two o'clock in the morning while he sat trying to fill the incessant call for ships needed for troops and munitions.

Before a committee of Congress he made a plea for workers in the shipyards who wanted their beer. He tried to drive it home to the prohibition members that these men were entitled to their beverage if they wanted it. He was opposed to prohibition on principle. He was attacked from one end of the country to the other by the Lord's Day Alliance, the Anti-

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Saloon-League, the W. C. T. U., and other similar groups.

Mr. Colby returned to the practice of law following his resignation from the Shipping Board, through with politics and intent only on building up a business that had been neglected while he served his country. But in the fall of 1919 he was drafted by the Bar Association to make a fight for an unbossed judiciary in New York City. Tammany Hall had turned down Supreme Court Justice Newburger for a renomination. Mr. Colby became the Chairman of the body that decided Tammany Hall must keep on the bench men whose judicial conduct had been without reproach. Tammany was beaten in the election. To Colby must go the credit for that victory. It was the pyschological moment to strike a blow for the right, even though it had to hurt a few old political friends.

Shortly after this Colby was drafted again,—this time to become Secretary of State in President Wilson's Cabinet from which Secretary Lansing had resigned. No Secretary of State perhaps has had a more trying time than Mr. Colby. History will appraise his statesmanlike conduct of the office, his note to Russia, and the many diplomatic open moves made by him in the closing days of the Wilson administration.

Lansing followed Bryan. Colby followed Lansing. Mr. Bryan's only visit to the State Department in Mr. Colby's tenure was to ask that the Secretary of State represent to Great Britain that the selling of rum in the Bahamas so close to Florida was an unfriendly act. There is no stenographic report of what Mr. Colby replied, but it sounded like "Piffle, Mr. Bryan,—piffle!"

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Colby met again in the San Francisco National Convention in 1920. Mr. Bryan, determined to put in his prohibition plank, had an oratorical fit, but Mr. Colby swung the convention. Then he disappeared. He had crossed the continent to turn Bryan's prohibition hide inside out and let the winds of the Pacific dry and tan it. If Mr. Colby had not disappeared he might have been "Garfielded" into the nomination.

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Mr. Colby is for the League of Nations. He is for the modification of the Volstead Act. He is against a high tariff. He believes in labor up to a certain point. He thinks capital has some rights, and if there comes a time when there has to be a residuary legatee for the votes of favorite sons in the next Democratic Convention, Mr. Colby is a lawyer and would know what to do with an estate of that kind.

In the last hours of a worn, tired-out convention, it is pointed out that Mr. McAdoo's friends could do no better than to throw their strength to the former Secretary of State. Mr. Wilson's friends, it is argued, will do the same. With Governor Smith out of the running, New York need look no further for a candidate, and when the sun goes down on the New Jersey favorite, these votes will fall to him.

Votes in a national convention, when they begin to blow, all go one way, as do the leaves in the fall. Yet there is the hardy perennial, Mr. Bryan. After delivering that Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns effort two hundred times through Nebraska, Mr. Bryan, then the boy orator of the Platte, took it to the Chicago Convention in 1896 and did business on it. It may be that at the next convention he will arise with an attack that will put in the discard everyone opposed to vichy and milk and in favor of evolution; but that is a chance Mr. Colby must take in the break, according to his friends.

Still, when it becomes clear that the country needs a statesman rather than a politician at the head of its affairs, it is reassuring to know that the Democratic party can immediately turn to an experienced diplomat who is able to weigh labor and capital in the balance and develop a constructive policy. There is no Colby candidacy. If there should be an effort on the part of the friends of the former Secretary of State to build one, Mr. Colby probably would say "No," while at the same time his expression would carry with it the dubious "Don't" of a girl mildly resisting an attempt to be kissed.

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THE PARADOX OF OXFORD

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THERE is something quaint about a university where the spirit of Chaucer hovers over the football field, where Homer is casually quoted in an atmosphere of candles and ale. Here is an American sketch of Oxford, the mediaeval and the modern, where students are not "prepared" for life but given a role in a condensed version of life itself,—rich, varied, comfortable, graceful, decorative.

MANY people have written about the riddle of Oxford. To many serious academic minds it has been a mystery that this odd collection of separate colleges, without alumni organizations and without advertising, with antiquated prejudices and mediaeval buildings, should continue to be a power in the world of learning. To an outsider, and especially to an American, Oxford is a mess of paradoxes stirred together by a spoon. It is something as if one had a whole group of our small colleges in one town, each competing with all the others in scholarship and athletics, in general prestige. There *must* be a secret to this University.

Great scholarliness in a place of no plumbing to speak of! "Why should we install bathrooms?" a college head asked indignantly not so many years ago, "The young gentlemen are here only eight weeks at a time!" I remember my first college bath; the years turned back, and I saw again the look of injured dignity in the haughty eyes of a pet goose when the saucer he had chosen for his bath vanished under his feathers.

Dr. Johnson's college still uses candles. And Oxford flourishes on an endowment that would hardly keep the wolf from the door of a small American college. There are no campaigns launched to make "the sunset years" of the faculty secure. Yet men with fame in their names teach there while their hairs grow white and their names grow golden, and their books go around

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the world. Many a don on a salary of an American high school principal fills shelves of our university libraries with sound learning.

And there are more paradoxes than this of lean purses and rich scholarship. Some of these dons write books that children love, that men who come home with grime on their hands enjoy. Others give their names to the world on a new kind of pun. Some of them, authorities on the morphology of Homeric verbs, catch astounding fish or climb all manner of Alps. They put off gowns and play Homeric tennis. Bearded like the major prophets, book-laden and gowned, they pedal ahead of captains of crew and rugby. They do things well, the dons: they drink ale, they crawl under hedges, wear old clothes, eat strawberry jam and cheese with ditchers and diggers in village inns, and take nobody's backwash in talk of ferretting and poaching; they know how to play; they set down their learning so that it is pleasant to read; they know how to live.

Oxford is the home of such paradoxes. There are no "drives" for new equipment. Yet the old place grows, is full of the youth and the promise of the best of England and the Colonies. No great alumni bodies with secretaries and reunioins assist in keeping alive an Oxonian tradition. But the tradition is there, and the old men come swarming back to college cups and college boats from the underside of the earth, from India and Manitoba, from veldt and pampas. Poets write verses about Oxford; all her sons bring their renown home to her towers and green gardens.

There is no great cult of athletics, no great Diana of the muscles before whom graduates prostrate themselves and gouge their purses. There are no professional coaches to say that games shall be work and not play, no gladiatorial schools hardening a handful of men for shows for the many. Yet teams of the dark blue set up world records and do glorious things in lands overseas.

The University is one without classrooms, without quizzes, without lectures if you wish; each college has its own tutors in

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subjects offered elsewhere; there is no close co-operation of departments as we have it; dons overlap and contradict one another; it is their glory. There is no real central office of information; the *Excerpta e Statutis,* written partly in the learned tongue of Chaucer's day, is like an essay in mediæval metaphysics or astrology. No advertising! I know an American professor who spent five years in getting the *Excerpta,* and another five in attempting to decipher it.

There is a library, the Bodleian, the best university library in the world; but you cannot take books out of it, you must spend days in getting admitted to it, it takes hours to have books found and fetched by irresponsible shavers who play marbles on the way; you must read by such light as filters through old glass covered with Virginia creepers. The home of priceless manuscripts, the "jewels of the learned," is unlighted, unheated, and it closes at four in the afternoon.

It is no wonder that the newly matriculated man from overseas goes about with a smile on his face the first week. And yet that smile changes, grows into the smile of the believer, stays on his face for better or for worse to the end of his Oxford days, stays to sweeten all the days and the ways of his life. This unique and refreshing Oxonian pleasure, incredulous at first, becomes a creed for living, for finding the humor in all things, for the gospel and glory of old age.

There is a riddle to Oxford. But it is simple of solution. It is nothing more mysterious than this: here is a university that teaches life, the life each undergraduate is going to live. Other universities give one setting-up drills, preparation for life; others teach departments of life, athletics, teaching, business, religion; but all as *specialities.* Say what one may, there is a Puritanic intensity to all that most American undergraduates do. Hence most American colleges are treadmills; in them one goes through the steps that will give training in the one set of interests of one's choosing, be they athletic or intellectual. We go in for football or Greek poetry. In rare instances for both; but always *separately.* We do not combine the two. One has the

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Puritan's feeling of the sanctity and aloofness of the affair at hand from all that is easy and pleasant and comfortable and decorative. And so we often miss the liberal and the magic of proportion and vitality; and, missing these, miss life. For life seems to be a mixed matter: genaniums and gerunds, pancakes and talk of friends. We scrimmage or we scan; and with our whole souls. A sense of the artistic or the historical is as much out of place on the football field as a joviality such as only a rare sense of the physical can give is out of place among dead participles. Either way we strain and contort and narrow ourselves, go into a sort of mediæval absorption in the thing contemplated; the green beauty of trees and blue loveliness of sky or the red pulse of life we lose from our beings along this *Via Negativa*. On the playing fields our books are sealed to us; among our books the kingliness of bodily well-being is an unbidden guest.

Now obviously people must exercise, even though they are business magnates or professors; and people must read and think after the hours of bricklaying. Every man must be able to get the fullest pleasure possible out of all he does. Colleges ought to teach him so to do. Oxford does teach a man this. Whatever else the University might teach, she schools him in the way best to enjoy himself, here and now, while the bloom of his prime is still upon him. If a boy cannot feel the pulses of a book beat when his own are all April and morning, his books will always be mummies. If a young oarsman cannot feel the rhythm that all the poets have found singing in their hearts and the glory that all kingly minds have worn, then his exercise in age will be a cheating of the grave and not a daily poetry.

Youthful impressions go deepest; if the young can rub elbows with all sorts of pleasant things, academic and unacademic, if they can learn to live just as they would like to live right up to the sunset, as they will live if they are wise, then the race is won at the start. The young Oxonian tastes the pleasant, varied things in store for him beyond the University. On matriculation he is put squarely upon the two feet that are to bear him to the end. He can work or play, or find the golden mean.

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So much, in theory at least, the liberty of the Oxford system allows him, this system without classroom exercises, periodic examinations, or close scrutiny of his academic progress. Actually, however, he is guided on every side by the example of older students and dons, men who have caught the magic of Oxford and who are making life seem a thing of great ease and gracefulness. There is about Oxford, as about so many of the older English things, something Chaucerian, something of the grace of the Cavalier. Perhaps our fathers left our racial aptitude for lightness and joviality behind them with the easier life and surroundings when they spread out their Puritan canvas to the West. Certainly, we take our genealogies, our sports, our wars, and our learning much more seriously than the English take theirs.

The very setting of Oxford is a paradox, the paradox of life. Pigs would be out of place on most American campuses; they are always about your feet in Oxford; they gather especially about the steps of the Bodleian. Lean cows and sheep, too, are always under your windows. The whole soils of Berkshire and rich Oxfordshire move into the City of Towers once a week on market days. You can read Homer with Homer's men and Homer's beasts beside you; a sheep drover may turn out another Nestor when you get him into conversatioin.

The simplicities of life, the holy miracle of daily bread, the stark kingliness of poverty, the wealth of simple faith and belief,—these you can learn from unspoiled children of field and furrow right in the shadow of St. Mary's. The cabmen alone are as good as Rabelais for your education. You can look up from living books and see living men of all picturesque sorts around you. Besides, outside the City are a hundred villages where rich courses in uncommercialized human nature can be had for the walking. Great men of the cottages, "village Hampdens," can join the great men of the colleges in teaching you that life is a breathless beauty, that the commonest things and the simplest are the brass and bronze that time cannot move.

The scholars of the University can instruct one in the Greek

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tenet of the golden mean, too. They go out every afternoon, all of them, to row or hunt or play cricket, just as they will do all their lives, not because they are being loyal to their college or because they wish to win from Cambridge, but simply because they like to play games, and simply because the games they play are, not prayerful exercises in Spartan discipline or grimly weeded-out drills for the very expert, but pleasant and sociable affairs for even the inexpert into which tea can and does intrude always at the stroke of five,—tea for which the British Tommy was wellnigh ready to stop the late War,—tea that nearly disrupted one disgruntled American regiment I know of, newly arrived into the paradox of English life at old Winchester.

All boys like to play; they are boys for good and all, even when their beards will be gray; so they play their games. So runs the paradox of the scholars. The athletes offer their paradox in turn. They are men who can usually write astonishingly well and who like books so well that their minds are full of the figures of speech and rhetorical and humane ornamentation of great ideas even when they chase a football. I once heard a prince of rugby players recite quite apropos a line of Virgil after a hard tackle had smeared him with mud. No one ridiculed him. I think some one went him one better and quoted Homer.

I am confident that there is not one such college in our country. The "blue" and the "first" at Oxford are absolutely as great in the undergraduate estimation. In fact, it is hard to tell them apart; for the "blue" is usually a scholarly man, and the "first" is probably an excellent man with an oar or bat. They mix the good things of life well.

But, best of all, there are the dons. It would be a strange sight in America to see a graybeard in running shorts pursuing a college boat and pushing people into the river as he ran, shouting and shooting a revolver likely; it would be doubly strange if that venerable runner were a professor of Latin. It is no uncommon sight at Oxford. Or a college dean, perhaps, pouring out port for one. What is there wrong about it? Why is it wrong to mix two zestful matters? I know a vice-chancellor of

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Oxford who, in a tall and respectable hat which one had to rescue from under the very wheels of a 'bus, led one through ploughland and thorn to show one a mediæval carving in a village church, a carving in which a bagpipe player piped and a listener held hands to his ears in self defence. Double symbolism. . . And to crown it all the august man led his undergraduate, on a short cut, straight into a barnyard.

Why should a vice-chancellor keep his pedestal always? It is not fair to his university to have him so. Oxford tutors like the picturesque in quaint and simple ways and men. November wheatfields are golden things, so are young men, likewise the learned. It is impossible to disentangle the threads of gold that make up the fabric of Oxford. The old are so young and the young so venerable in the wisdom of doing things wholeheartedly that age or station in life ceases to matter.

Why should one make education a matter of hermit's cell, a bitter, a hard exercise, or even a compartment of life? There is no reason why aristocracy, good clothes, and good living are not best for right thinking. Oxford, since the day of Laud the most aristicratic of universities, has proved it. There is no reason why the glory of the mind should not go hand in hand with the glory of the body. So the Oxonian man of books plays games. There is no reason why learning should be uncomfortable, or should make a hedgehog of a man, or a pedant, or a dry statistician. Again Oxford proves it.

There is no justification for getting shut off by one's education from one's fellows, from one's sympathy with the lusty, grimy book of human nature that is a mender of roads. At Oxford one reads him, with other books. There is no call for learning to shut one away from other beauties in field flowers, in trees, in animals, from dawn and stars. There is no reason why learning should not make of you a richer man, a better father of a family, a playmate of boys, a lover of games, a greater lover of the old hills and the new babies, of talking and smoking, of wine and books and walks, of all things good and sweet and fair.

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SYSTEMATIC INVENTION

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

INDUSTRY has had to wait, Micawber-like, for inventions to "turn up." A barber invented the spinning-frame, an undertaker devised an automatic telephone, and a monk has been held responsible for gunpowder. Can industry find a way to discipline brilliant "outsiders," or must the scientific genius be left to experiment alone, under great handicaps? A well-known scientist discusses the need for organizing invention and the trend toward group invention in an authoritative paper, of which this is the first part.

REFLECTIVE students of economic and engineering history must be struck by the curious circumstance that revolutionary inventions are usually conceived not within but without an industry. The "inside" inventor seems shackled by tradition; the "outside" inventor cares nothing for precedent or for the established manufacturing procedure, and boldly attacks a problem without concerning himself with vested interests. Here and there we find a few spinners and weavers, like Hargreaves and Crompton, who have patented daringly new types of labor-saving textile machines; but, as a rule, the inventors whose devices made it possible to spin and weave on a wholesale scale, and to transfer yarn and cloth-making from the home to the factory, were outsiders, who neither made nor traded in textiles.

Thus Arkwright, an illiterate barber and hairdresser, invented the spinning-frame. Cartwright was a clergyman and poet when chance turned his mind to the invention of the power-loom. Watt never concerned himself with steam engines until a model of a Newcomen pump was given him to repair in his capacity of instrument maker to Glasgow College. Eli Whitney was not a cotton-grower when he invented the gin, but a young teacher who thought of becoming a lawyer.

Neither Howe nor Singer were vocationally interested in

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tailoring when they invented their respective sewing machines. Both Fulton and Morse were artists. Westinghouse, the inventor of the airbrake, was not a railroad engineer in his youth, but a brilliant mechanic with some knowledge of farm implements and engineering principles. The problem of vulcanizing rubber was solved by Goodyear, an imaginative clerk in a hardware store. The first practical man-carrying flying machine was constructed by the Wright Brothers, two bicycle makers. Neither Mergenthaler nor Lanston were professional compositors or printers when they patented the linotype and monotype.

The same curious influence of the outsider is apparent in the history of warfare. It is not the fire-eating, sword-rattling, spur-clicking soldier who dreams of annihilating whole armies, but the mild-mannered civilian and mechanic who never served with the colors in his life. Roger Bacon, a harmless monk, is commonly, but perhaps erroneously, credited with the discovery of gunpowder; certain it is that explosives were not the product of a soldier's mind. The Union retained command of the sea during the Civil War not because of masterly strategy exercised by naval officers, but because of the "Monitor," the invention of the engineer Ericsson, whose armored turret was looked upon with such suspicion that he had to spend his own money in order to test his "cheese-box on a raft" in actual conflict.

Maxim, whose machine-gun spurts bullets almost like water, was a Maine mechanic who knew practically nothing of tactics; and Gatling, his predecessor in wholesale slaughter, was a highly inventive physician. The tanks that proved so deadly in the recent war owed their development to Winston Churchill (inspired by H. G. Wells) and to an enterprising manufacturer of traction engines; yet the British army was well supplied with capable mechanical engineers. It was not a bloodthirsty naval officer who dreamed of blowing up ships with submarines, but a score of gentle civilians, the most conspicuous of whom were Bushnell, Fulton, Holland, and Lake.

The outsiders simply follow what Veblen calls the "instinct of workmanship" and Professor McDougall, more aptly, the

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"instinct of contrivance." They long for wealth, like other human beings, but they are no more urged on by money-lust than was Michelangelo when he chiseled his David, or Milton when he composed his Paradise Lost. They patent their inventions, but the patent laws are no more responsible for great inventions than the copyright laws are responsible for great poems or plays. Economic conditions may determine the character of his creations, but the outsider would invent even if he were starving, as did Goodyear and Morse. On the other hand your insider also expresses his instinct of contrivance, but rather as a craftsman striving to lighten his vocational labor and to profit thereby.

Of the two, the outsider is the less stable. Usually he is in sore financial straits, and usually he flies off tangentially from one half-completed invention to another. Even Edison, whose record of successful, practical, well-paid invention is without a parallel, turned his attention from telegraphs to telephones, from phonographs to incandescent lamps, from moving pictures to storage batteries, from the magnetic separation of iron ores to cement-making, often working at several inventions at the same time.

Cartwright, always in financial difficulties, must have driven his family to distraction. He made bread in his own kitchen by machine; busied himself with devising a process for fire-proofing houses; brought chemistry to bear on agriculture; introduced a three-furrow plough; experimented with fertilizers; patented machines for calendering lines, making rope, and cutting velvet pile; and liked nothing better than reading and writing poetry. A description of Ericsson's inventions (condensing engines, military weapons, locomotives, ship-propelling devices, rat-traps, sun-power plants, and warships) would fill a volume. Maxim dabbled in almost everything from flying machines and machine-guns to incandescent lamps and baked beans.

These imaginative outsiders who invent in a kind of frenzy (Howe, Goodyear, Morse, Edison, are cases in point) need a brake or governor in the form of a cool, dispassionate, hard-headed, analytic business man or manager. Their energies must

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be properly directed and controlled. Only a few, like Arkwright, Stephenson, McCormick, and Bessemer possess something like a restraining mental flywheel, and only these die rich. If it were not for his strong-minded friend and partner, Boulton, it is probable that Watt would not have brought the steam-engine to successful fruition; Watt's own letters prove it. Ericsson's financial transactions were so peculiar that he probably did not know himself how much he was worth; his cheque-books were his only record of money received or due him. His business associates alone could keep him on a money-making path, and even they had difficulty in making him sell his valuable hot-air engine patents.

Edison never kept books in the early days of his dazzling career, simply giving promissory notes for materials and machines that he required, and never troubling himself about their payment until they were protested. "Thus," he explained, "I did away with all the humbuggery of bookkeeping." It was only later, when able men managed his business affairs, that he became wealthy. Had he not made and lost millions on his own account he would perhaps be the richest man in the world today. Clearly, the business man is a great essential to the outsider not only as a capitalist but as a disciplinarian.

The next fact that strikes the student of economic history is the haphazard, accidental appearance of great inventive outsiders. A Titan of mechanical ingenuity brings about an industrial revolution. He dies. The insider produces minor improvements, but for the moment the course of invention in the particular industry that has been completely reconstructed is all but arrested. A new outsider must appear, just as untrammeled, just as romantic, before another revolution can occur.

Usually, a generation elapses before an epoch-making invention is successfully introduced, partly because time and money must be spent in its perfection, partly because the inertia of business men who are destined to profit by the invention must be overcome. And sometimes more than a generation must elapse before a new invention appears, to pass through the same

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cycle. Thus, no striking advance over Morse can be recorded until Edison devised the quadruplex telegraph. Between 1814, when Koenig built the first really practical steam printing press for the London *Times,* and 1865, when Bullock invented the first press to print from a continuous web of paper, there are no startling changes in presses; the intervening improvements, while important, are not of the highly daring character associated with great invention.

Watt had reduced his engine to commercial perfection by 1780, but although the important principle of compounding cylinders and the Corliss cut-off were soon evolved, it was not until DeLaval and Parsons, between 1885 and 1890, independently attacked the problem of dispensing with reciprocating pistons altogether,—a problem which had baffled Watt,—that the modern steam-turbine, a totally new type of engine, was devised. Oil had been burned in lamps, for centuries, with very sooty results, until Argand in 1783 invented the cylindrical wick and chimney. There has been no astonishing improvement since; for even the application of the Welsbach burner to oil-gas lamps is but a transference of the experience gained with mantles in the improvement of illumination with street-gas.

Between the musket and the machine gun is a gap of centuries, and the machine-gun remains essentially as Maxim left it. Power-looms, invented as early as 1785 by Cartwright, were not radically changed until automatic looms were introduced within comparatively recent years. The phonograph of today is much as Edison devised it more than a generation ago; for even he experimented with recording discs in the very beginning. Lowe and Welsbach are the only strikingly outstanding figures in a century of street-gas history, despite the many men who have improved the methods of generating, distributing, and utilizing gas for illumination.

Invention has been thus accidental and haphazard because it has not beeen systematic. It was not a function of industry to invent new machinery and processes, for which reason industry, Micawber-like, waited for an invention to turn up, only to

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regard it superciliously before timidly adopting it. Production and marketing have long been organized and systematized, but so far as technical innovation is concerned, industry has drifted much as inventors drifted. And the term invention is here used in its broadest sense to include not only advances in mechanics, but progress in the industrial application of discoveries in physics and chemistry.

Invention implies research. The "heroic" theory of invention, the notion that an idea flashes from a brain and gives the world a sudden, fresh impulse must be dismissed. Watt's engine did not leap from his brain to the drafting-board. New machine-tools had to be devised in order to bore cylinders with the requisite accuracy; studies had to be made of heat-losses; model after model had to be built in order to proportion moving parts and to determine the precise point at which steam might be cut off and used expansively.

So it was with the linotype, the typewriter, the phonograph, the incandescent lamp, with every one of the machines and processes that seem to us so perfect when they take their place in the factory or the home. For the most part it was crude, rule-of-thumb, cut-and-try experimenting, but nevertheless it deserves to be dignified by the name research. It is research akin to the tedious, experimental quest of the apt word that distinguishes the compositions of the lyric poet, and to the many preliminary studies made by the artist before he ventures to paint a mural decoration. Moreover, it is so costly and so uncertain as to its outcome, when empirically conducted, that a penny-counting manufacturer may well regard it as too speculative for financial support.

And yet there must be financial support and business management if the outside invention is to achieve its purpose. Less than five per cent of the 1,450,000 patents granted in the United States since 1836 have ever earned even the government fees paid by the grantees, partly because they disclosed but slight improvements over old devices, partly because they filled no real commercial need, partly because the patentees had neither

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the wit nor the practical energy to introduce their contrivances.

Germany was the first to recognize this true relation of invention to industrial evolution. She organized research, and made invention and discovery essential functions of the coal-tar industry. Now it was an Englishman, Perkin, who discovered the first coal-tar dye. Like other English inventors and discoverers before him, he was an accident. Upon his discovery of mauve, Great Britain might have built a chemical industry which would have controlled the world's supply of synthetic colors, drugs, and chemicals. She chose to follow the usual course of waiting for the accidental appearance of another Perkin who was to fight and pay his own way to recognition.

Germany saw the need of systematic exploitation of the new world discovered by Perkin, and seized the opportunity of industrially capitalizing her chemical knowledge and experience. Her five great coal-tar companies were welded together into a stupendous trust; hundreds of chemists were engaged, as if they were bookkeepers, and assigned to the task of making more discoveries, of wringing from coal-tar every substitute for a natural product that science could suggest; magnificent laboratories were built. And as a result, Germany exercised despotic world-control of organic compounds which she had made essential in a thousand industries, in the waging of warfare, and in the practice of medicine. By 1914 she was even in a fair way to introduce successfully a synthetic rubber which promised to be a formidable competitor of jungle and plantation rubber, and during the war she made herself independent of Chilean nitrates by reducing the abundant nitrogen of the atmosphere to useful solid and liquid form.

In less than half a century more discoveries were made by Germans in organic chemistry than had been made from ancient times down. Indeed, organic chemistry was developed both as a pure and as an applied science. Goodyear in America was twice jailed for debt and was on the verge of starvation more than once during the course of his experiments with rubber. No German chemist was suffered to undergo similar cruel priva-

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tions. He was taken into the research fold; he was given a respectable, if not munificent salary, freed from financial cares, and assigned a definite task in research under the almost military discipline of a brilliant scientific director.

This principle clearly had possibilities in other industries and in other countries. If it was successful in making chemistry pay, in enabling a few companies to exact tribute from every textile dyer, from every hospital, physician, and sick person, from every food manufacturer, baker, and confectioner who used colors or flavors, from every printer of magazines and books, in a word, from hundreds of industries all over the world, it could surely be made to pay in developing telegraphs and telephones, in making shoes, in producing the thousand and one articles that we need in industrial and domestic life.

A few American capitalists were impressed by the German example. At first, engineering standards were rigorously applied in the purchase of raw materials and in testing products as they passed through the factory. From this it was but a step toward scientifically studying the product itself with an eye to its improvement.

It would be a hopeless task to evaluate the inventions which have been produced by groups of hired engineers and scientists. As a rule, corporations place a valuation of one dollar on their patents. A few, however, have endeavored to appraise their systematically developed inventions and some of these are listed in the following table:

American Cyanamid Company	$ 3,543,475
Casein Company of America	4,555,165
Diamond Match Company	2,000,000
Electric Storage Battery Co.	11,000,000
Gillette Safety Razor Co.	900,000
Lanston Monotype Company	4,372,046
Mergenthaler Linotype Co.	4,000,000
Waltham Watch Company	4,502,000
Ward Baking Company	6,000,000
Procter & Gamble Co.	2,883,055*
General Railway Signal Co.	3,000,000

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Kinney Manufacturing Co.	1,081,535
Underwood Typewriter Co.	7,995,720*
Vanadium Corporation	11,379,048
Air Reduction Company	869,517
Allied Chemical & Dye Corp.	21,305,943*
Peerless Truck & Motor Corp.	2,862,034*
Crompton and Knowles Loom Works	1,750,000
Draper Corporation (looms)	2,250,000
Westinghouse Air Brake Co.	4,942,649*

* Including the intangible item of good will.

These figures, high as they may seem, are in reality low. Thus, the Draper Corporation has probably spent more than the sum at which it values its patents in systematically improving the loom. Were it possible to tabulate the patent-assets of all corporations which have thus made invention one of their important activities, the total would no doubt run into the hundreds of millions.

Even the slim list of patent values presented shows that the character of industrial development and invention must be inevitably influenced as the necessity of research becomes more and more apparent. Left to his own devices, the inventor of old was fancy free. He gave as full rein to his instinct of contrivance as his purse permitted; he dabbled in half a dozen sciences and inventions at the same time. Under the new régime the contriver becomes an employee of a corporation. The problem of clothing and feeding himself and his family is no longer pressing. The employer-corporation places all the time and money that he needs at his disposal; but it expects results.

What the effect will be it is impossible to forecast, simply because too little is known about the psychology of invention. That the system has prodigiously advanced industrial processes is evident. Progress is no longer haphazard, but steady and sure. The tendency is all toward slow, refined technological progress, rather than toward business shrewdness, unless, indeed, the awakening to the need of organized invention is in itself evidence of shrewdness.

(*To be Concluded*)

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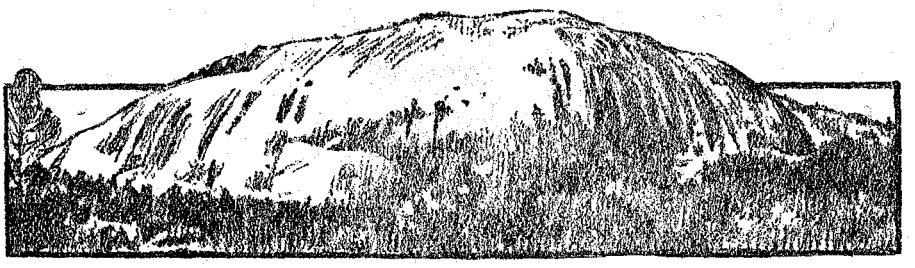

MOULDING A MOUNTAIN

By GUTZON BORGLUM

"All roads lead to Atlanta!" This quotation may be more applicable fifty years from now than it is today, for near Atlanta, on the face of Stone Mountain, is being created, through the genius of one of America's greatest sculptors and her most skillful engineers, a work of art and an historical record that will make of Atlanta a Mecca for tourists from all nations. The most enduring memorials of ancient civilizations are those monuments in which the artists and master-mechanicians of their day combined.

The pyramids in Egypt have survived the inundations of the Nile; something remains of the Acropolis in Athens, in spite of war and earthquake. In Italy there is a saying, "When the Colosseum falls, Rome will fall,"—both are still standing. Whereas the pyramids required the labor of thousands of slaves, the great memorial to be erected to the Southern Confederacy will be executed, due to the advance of engineering skill, by only a few hundred workmen.

When the United Daughters of the Confederacy decided to place on Stone Mountain a record of the heroic but hopeless struggle of the South, they turned to the artist who had created the noblest representation in sculpture of the hero of the north, Lincoln. The magnitude of Gutzon Borglum's design can best be appreciated by giving some of the figures. The distance from the horse's knee to the top of General Lee's hat is one hun-

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dred and twenty feet and a workman engaged in chiselling the hat will appear from below no larger than a fly. Whole armies will be represented in outline on the face of the mountain.

At a business men's meeting in Atlanta recently the statement was made: "This project will cost the City of Atlanta fifty million dollars." There was a chorus of exclamations and questions, but the speaker went on, "It will cost the city as much as that to build new roads and erect hotels, to care for the tourists who will come to see Stone Mountain."

To obtain a true picture of the undertaking, we have persuaded the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, to tell his own story.

THE EDITOR.

Seven years ago, work on the building of a monument upon Stone Mountain assumed definite shape through the formation of a committee of inquiry, which addressed a request to the sculptors to submit designs for a bas-relief, of the size and general dimensions of the "Lion of Lucerne," and representing a portrait bust of Robert E. Lee.

Following my response to this communication, I was invited to Atlanta, and with the committee proceeded to the mountain where, for the first time, I viewed the great granite facade, eight hundred feet in height and about three thousand feet in length, at the base of which the committee proposed to place the bas-relief of the South's great leader, in such dimensions as to subordinate it wholly to the space upon which it was to be placed.

In general terms, I advised against adopting such a plan; and, after careful study of the mountain, the condition of the stone, the vast spaces of rock perfectly suitable for carving, I recommended in the place of a small bas-relief of Lee, a design which would include a large body of the Confederate forces in colossal dimensions, and suggested that the memorial to Lee be converted into a memorial to his army and the Confederacy.

I ought here to say that, when faced with this problem, I could not help but recall the general lack of interest in America toward monuments of an historical character, and my own ex-

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perience with the indifference of the "American" people toward making proper record of the fathers and founders of our country. I had not the remotest idea that any design I might suggest, beyond the bas-relief of Lee, would ever be carried out.

I nevertheless definitely and deliberately designed and planned as complete a memorial as I could develop, without stint or hindrance, and allowed my imagination to romp into and through the subject, determined to develop at least a vast, unprejudiced scheme for a peoples' memorial to its great ancestry. After some days, I worked out a plan which would enable a complete representation of the Confederate forces moving to the northeast over this colossal wall,—a single granite rock, uncracked, uninjured by time. I conceived and located groups of all branches of the service, the infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with reviewing general staff, composed as would best fit the undulating form of the facade.

I then estimated the probable cost of removing the necessary amount of stone, the cost of machinery, the maintenance and wages of men, and the period of years required to complete the work. After a month of calculation, I delivered to the Daughters of the Confederacy a report utterly free from compromise to meet a possible purse or a condition of mind.

That was seven years ago. It was then estimated that two million dollars would be sufficient to carry out the work. With the passing of time, from fifty to sixty-five per cent increase in general costs has had to be added.

Though the Daughters of the Confederacy were very much distressed over the admitted wisdom of abandoning the bas-relief of Lee, they were elated over the new design; but almost hopelessly convinced of the impossibility of carrying out the plan as I conceived it. Nevertheless a definite effort was made to interest the public, and I was tentatively engaged to elaborate my designs. Money was raised for preliminary surveys; negotiations were set afoot to secure the face of the mountain. All of which was happily and wholly successful, and the site was dedicated on May 21, 1916.

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The world was at war, our country in a state of unrest. A national election was being waged, and in the spring of 1917, America entered the war. During the summer of 1916, scaffolding had been erected and quite a little money spent in the preliminary surveys. Sketching and designing of the groups, developing of details of the plans relative to the memorial had progressed, and the work pressed so far forward that cables, hoists, and other machinery were ordered, and arrangements completed for placing them upon the mountain. Then the national need for labor and cables caused the Federal Government to advise that work of this kind be postponed.

Not until about a year ago was the subject again reviewed in a practical sense. In the meantime, the Daughters of the Confederacy had interested a great many of Atlanta's leading men, organized the work in a practical manner, and begun the solicitation of funds.

Solving a Herculean Problem

In the production of this work, the artist is face to face, first, with the herculean task of designing an army upon a mountain! As to the design itself, there is nothing new in this; but the placing of horsemen, over one hundred feet in height, upon the face of the precipice, three hundred and fifty feet above the surrounding ground, extending over a thousand feet, is a task without precedent. The surface to be carved is sufficiently smooth. Still it undulates, with great projecting shoulders, and at some points recedes from the perpendicular over fifty feet. This condition makes the first work, of fitting the grouping to conform to the irregularities, no simple task.

After careful survey of the wall, we still faced the heartbreaking task of actually fitting the design to the mountain itself. I tried the usual known methods of enlargement but found, after scaling the mountain, that no facilities I might invent for creeping safely over its vast face would be adequate. Some simple plan had to be found by which I could, after a few hours of

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sketching, throw upon the face of the mountain an enlargement of some part of the design, as a test,—then correct and redesign.

My first thought was a silhouette on glass thrown by a powerful lamp, moved at will to any part of the mountain. This theoretically is sound, but does not give accurate results. The idea led me to the stereopticon, which solved all this part of the big labor. Of course there were no lamps powerful enough; there were no lenses strong enough; there was neither slide nor lens that would stand the light. The "experts," with the usual academic timidity, urged us not to try anything. "Pictures could only be thrown from two hundred and seventy to three hundred feet by the best lamps today," they said. I replied, "I could throw my pictures on the moon, if I could get a slide between the sun and the moon."

We have thrown our pictures thirteen hundred feet, covering fifty thousand square feet of the mountain. We burned up our slides and cracked our lenses,—but what of that? We have saved from one to three years of work and, better than that, have found a means by which we can throw a design one acre square, at an angle of fifty degrees with slight distortion, and at will correct any part of it by superimposed slides, workmen descending over the mountain, tracing the correction.

This designing, however, is only for locating the groups and the chief characters in the groups, and for educational purposes. In the meantime, large and small models, in every conceivable situation, are in process. One of these models has now been sufficiently well determined, although not yet studied from life, as to be known in the plan as the first or central group. This sketch in clay was first made to conform to the contour of the mountain. The design was afterwards sketched by hand upon the surface of the clay. This clay is cut away in block form as the stone is removed, then the block design roughly modeled. Photographs of this sketch will then serve for the drillers, who will block from this sketch model the entire surface to be carved for the central group.

The next process will be modeling the central group life

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size,—not the size of the finished work. This model will become the master model, complete historically and artistically, and accurate in its relation to the mountain surface. This will be used for all finished enlargement. I shall make it myself, and from it, coarse plaster models will be pointed up by assistants to one-fourth the size of the mountain sculpture. The distance from the horse's knee to the top of General Lee's hat is one hundred and twenty feet,—on the model, thirty feet. The depth of the relief at the extreme point will be about twenty feet, while the average depth of stone to be removed over the whole surface,—three hundred and twenty odd feet in length by about two hundred feet in height,—will be about four feet.

When the drilling on the central group is completed, which should be done in less than two years, the drillers will be shifted to the flanking groups, the infantry, and Forrest's cavalry. The carving will be done from the top down. This is for the convenience of scaffolding and also for the protection of workmen from falling stone. The central group should be finished in three years.

Directly below, at the base of the mountain, a great hall of records will be cut into the granite, three hundred and twenty feet in length and forty feet in depth. It will be divided into three compartments, the center for Georgia and two greater side halls for the other twelve states. The interior will be treated in the simple, monumental, and militant Doric style.

Upon its walls will be placed upward of three thousand commemorative tablets in bronze, subscribed by founder members. Its windows will carry the coat of arms of each state, and on the floor, directly under each window, a great bronze star will be inlaid, containing the state arms. Double doors, opening the way through a great bronze grill will, in turn, carry the history of Georgia in bronze. There will be no applied architectural structure of any kind.

Before the entrance of Memorial Hall a great urn is to be placed, where burning incense will, it is hoped, provide a continuous curl of blue smoke. There are also plans for a stadium.

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THE ROLL OF HONOR

It is not the purpose of this brief article to discuss the ways and means, nor the founders and leaders who have initiated various parts of the undertaking, but some record should be attempted here, however incomplete. The moving spirit in the original undertaking was Mrs. Helen C. Plane, now ninety-four years of age, who is Honorary President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The President of the Association is Hollins N. Randolph; the First Vice-President is Williamson W. Fuller of Briarcliff, a man who has influenced and supported me more than any other. The Second Vice-President and Chairman of the Finance Committee is Robert E. Harvey. The Executive Committee is composed of the above named, and in addition, Mrs. Samuel H. Inman, Eugene R. Black, Samuel H. Venable, Willis A. Sutton, Edward Rivers, and Thomas W. Connally. The mountain was given to the Association by Samuel H. Venable on behalf of himself and his brother.

I am indebted to and supported in all this work by Captain J. G. Tucker, my Superintendent at the mountain, an indefatigable, fearless, able assistant; by Lester P. Barlow of Cleveland, an engineer and inventor of national reputation; by Charles d'Emery, expert photographer-engineer, who has aided and guided me in the lamp development; and to Edwin S. Porter, who came forward and built a lamp that would meet our needs.

At the present time the interest in the memorial is world-wide. This I attribute to three causes. First, it is unique. Second, it is a tribute to a war which, while unsuccessful in its armed conflict, was waged by Lee, Jackson, Davis, Johnston, and all the others, in accordance with principles which are a cardinal part of our theory of representative government. Third, and most significant of all, it is a symbol, in really American dimensions, of a vital chapter in our history.

I see in the colossal memorial on Stone Mountain,—which should be called Venable Mountain,—a symbol of the union of all the forces which make for the greatness of our nation. It

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stands not for the differences in political creed which divided the leaders of that day, but for the ardent sincerity and courage which made them great. The United States of the twentieth century are justifying the aspirations of their founders when they join together in carving on a mountainside in Georgia the portraits of Southerners who are for all time great. Stone Mountain will be an enduring testimonial of fraternity.

AUTUMNAL ECSTASY

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

If my soul were a flower
It would fade.

If my soul were a leaf
It would fall.

If my soul were a splendor of painted skies
It would melt into night.

But because it contains the flower, the leaf, the sky
My soul is greater than these,
And in it they abide,
Unfading, unfalling, unmelting.

And there is an ampler soul, to which mine
Is a flower that not only fades not
But grows eternally,
A leaf that not only falls not
But spreads to wider joy,
A sky that not only melts not
But flames to deeper glory.

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AUTUMN WEATHER

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

Had I a flute made out of the heart
  Of a seven-year cherry tree,
How blithely would I bear my part
  In the day's wild minstrelsy;
A world all glitter, whistle and twitter,
  Whir of a rising quail,
Rustling edges of saffron sedges,
  Flirt of a squirrel tail,
Robin conventions in meadows of gentians,
  Debating the hour to fly,
While the birch, a goddess in silver bodice,
  Waves them a gay goodbye!

I love the laughter that follows after
  Knowledge of life's keen cost,
As I love the swirling of leaves unfurling
  New colors to flout the frost,
Leaves worn meagre but swift and eager
  As the merry winds pipe them on
To their last cotillion in frocks vermillion,
  Amber and cinnamon;
As I love the valor of flowers whose pallor
  Carries a fragrance yet,
On whose crisping petals the moth still settles
  For a passing pirouette.

O trumpet-blowing of gales, O glowing
  Of maples and oaks that shine
Flame on the altar, gold on the psalter,
  Till the earth is so divine
That the acorns falling are rosaries calling
  The faith of the woods to burn,
And 'mid poplar candles God walks in sandals
  Embroidered with bronze of fern!
How blithely would I bear my part
  In anthem and litany,
Had I a flute made out of the heart
  Of a seven-year cherry tree!

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RECENT FRENCH FICTION

By LLOYD MORRIS

UNDER the influence of writers like André Gide and the late Marcel Proust, contemporary French novelists are dealing with the psychological response to experience, rather than with experience itself. Mr. Morris finds in France a significant revival of interest in Browning and Dostoievsky. By delving into the realms of the subconscious and forsaking the generalizations of Balzac and Flaubert, young writers are producing novels which read like very intimate confessions.

THAT much recent French fiction, like much recent American and British fiction, is the product of an absorbed and analytic self-consciousness is almost immediately apparent to an attentive reader. Not only do the books of the younger French writers reveal this origin,—notably, for example, in an all but exclusive concern with psychology as apart from conduct, with the effect of experience rather than experience itself,—but their literary loyalties and admirations explicitly proclaim it. The poetry of Browning and the novels of Dostoievsky are today enjoying an extraordinary revival of influence in France. The contemporary appeal of both masters is probably due to their preoccupation with individual character and to their capacity for introspectively interpreting the submerged instincts, motives, and passions which determine individuality. A similar interest accounts also for the somewhat belated prosperity which has overtaken two contemporary French writers, the late Marcel Proust and André Gide, whose art is exercising a pronounced effect upon the current novel. So pervasive, in fact, is their influence that any discussion of contemporary tendencies in French fiction must inevitably be prefaced by at least a passing reference to their work.

Proust's death late in 1922 occurred just at the moment when his reputation in France seemed finally established, and when

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he had begun to gain an appreciative audience in England and the United States through the publication, in an excellent translation by Scott-Moncrieff, of the first portion of his stupendous work, *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. This novel, or series of novels, of which nine volumes were published before his death and three more remain to be published, offers a picture of society as unusual in its method as it is in its proportions.

An æsthete, a hypochondriac, and a valetudinarian, Proust turned to the service of his writing the abnormality of temperament and psychology which explains his maladjustment to life. The intolerable range of his receptivity to pure sensation was equalled only by a corollary acuteness which forced him to distinguish the specific quality and value of every transient impression. To this condition of hyperæsthesia, so formidable that it constituted an actual malady, was joined a retentiveness of memory so comprehensive in its scope as to be best described as an inability to forget. Add to these a predisposition to incessant introspection, and you have the elements upon which Proust built his æsthetic method.

That method is subjective to a degree probably unachieved by any previous writer of fiction. The whole of Proust's monumental novel relates the progress of an unnamed narrator from childhood to maturity, and, in terms of its effect upon him, the progress of an entire society which constitutes his environment. That the narration is accomplished entirely from the point of view of memory does not, in the case of Proust, imply the process of selection ordinarily imposed by memory in art as in life. For the function of memory in both is dual in operation; it retains certain experiences because of their significance and worth, and rejects others as of no further importance.

With Proust the capacity of memory for rejection, the ability to forget, suffered an almost total atrophy. The result upon his art is evidenced in an unnatural inclusiveness which begins by seeming profound, and ends by becoming merely profoundly dull. Every sensation experienced by the narrator is defined with exquisite precision, every perception is rigorously dissected

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into its associated elements, every chance association harbored by the mind of the narrator is pitilessly explored. We may admire the insatiable scientific curiosity which Proust's method implies, as we may admire, at least in detail, the rich expressiveness of the result, the long trains of imagery through which Proust sought to convey the texture as well as the operation of mental processes. Yet the method remains artistically unsuccessful. For Proust's concern was not to exhibit life in action but to analyze its vestiges in memory, to detach from experience its overtones of thought and emotion, and from them alone to reconstruct the past. And even Proust's dialetical ingenuity fails to make this exhaustive register of individual psychology an effective stimulus to the imagination.

The influence of Proust upon contemporary French fiction has largely been confined to technique and method; that of André Gide has affected the content and the philosophic direction of many recent novels. Gide's literary career began in 1891 with the publication of *Les Cahiers d' André Walter,* and in the ensuing thirty years he has been novelist, poet, playwright, critic, and translator. In the last capacity he has published French versions of Conrad's "Typhoon" and Tagore's "Lyric Offering," while in lectures or in critical articles he has dealt extensively with Dostoievsky, Nietzsche, William Blake, Browning, and others.

As a critic Gide has been quick to detect the promise of many younger writers whose subsequent work has justified his generous introduction of their earliest books. The writers whose attitude toward life have most directly modified his own are Dostoievsky and Nietzsche, and the dominant problem toward which all his work approaches is the reconciliation of the doctrine of individualism with that of renunciation. With the many aspects of this problem he has dealt repeatedly, almost continuously, in a long series of books which together give the effect of a series of studies for a philosophic doctrine. For although Gide's literary art is admirable for its classical restraint and for its sustained perfection of expression, it is less as an artist

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than as a thinker that he has stimulated his contemporaries. It should not, however, be assumed that a systematic development of ideas is to be found in the succession of Gide's books; what they contain is rather the distillation of much serious reflection upon life.

But being above all an artist, Gide has thoroughly motivated this reflection in represented experience, and the direct appeal of his work, like that of all imaginative art, is to the imagination rather than to the intellect.

It is sufficient, in estimating Gide's influence, to point out that the problem which he has treated in such various aspects, the search of man for God and the reconciliation of complete individualism with renunciation, is a problem not only of consciousness, but of a highly developed self-consciousness. That the intensive cultivation of individuality ultimately aspires toward generality is an idea often repeated in his work. "The triumph of individualism mingles with the triumph of classicism. For the triumph of individualism is the renunciation of individuality."

In this idea is to be found a synthesis of the attitudes toward life of Nietzsche and Dostoievsky. And the effect of his preoccupation with such speculation has been to make him, in the manner of Dostoievsky and of Browning, explain the actions of his characters by means of an insistent and exhaustive analysis of their instincts, motives, emotions, and thoughts. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Gide's work marks the taking over into French fiction of Dostoievsky's passionate concern for the private and recondite elements of individual character.

The writers to whose work I am about to refer mark the progress of this transition in recent French fiction. And it is worth observing at the outset that while they have been influenced by Proust's method of reconstituting experience in terms of mental process and Gide's deliberate cult of the individual, they have not shared Proust's ambitious project of portraying an entire society nor Gide's emphatic aspiration to universality. The work of Valéry Larbaud is an excellent illustration with

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which to begin, both because of its explicit tendency and current prestige.

Larbaud's name probably first reached the United States not in connection with his own fiction but in connection with the "Ulysses" of James Joyce, of which he was one of the earliest apologists and most sympathetic interpreters. He is likewise responsible for the introduction to French readers, in an excellent translation, of the works of Samuel Butler. His reputation as a writer of fiction was first widely established by *A. O. Barnabooth,* a novel almost universally praised by French critics for its originality and for its satiric interpretation of the contemporary spirit. His other books, *Fermina Marquez, Enfantines,* —a series of portraits of children delicately articulated,—and two recent stories, *Beauté Mon Beau Souci* and *Amants, Heureux Amants,*—the latter written under the influence of James Joyce,—have supported the prestige acquired by *Barnabooth.*

A French critic has remarked that Larbaud's men serve only to express ideas while the charm of his women is that they express none. Certainly it is true that from the viewpoint of literary art his portraits of women are conspicuously more successful than his portraits of men. The women of Larbaud's stories, always sensual, occasionally passionate and exalted, sometimes perverse and damned, are precisely and vividly realized. The successful, or "happy" lovers of Larbaud's tales are those who risk neither their individuality nor their hearts in the adventure and are thus always able to withdraw with both their intellectual lucidity and their self-esteem unimpaired. What this means, of course, is that love as a romantic passion does not enter the experience of Larbaud's world excepting as a tragic misfortune, and that for the emotion of love Larbaud has substituted an intellectualized sensual gratification. What interests him most is not life or the experiences of which it is constituted, but the responses to those experiences of sophisticated and highly individualized characters and the psychology in which those responses are rooted.

The work of Paul Morand is comparable to that of Larbaud

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in a number of ways. Like Larbaud, Morand has succeeded notably in his portraits of women; like Larbaud he has detached sensuality from love; and like Larbaud he has deliberately attempted the analysis of the contemporary mind. Morand's first efforts in literature were two slender volumes of poems, *Lampes à Arc* and *Feuilles de Température.* These he followed with three collections of short stories, *Tendres Stocks, Ouvert la Nuit* and *Fermé la Nuit,* the last of which was published in the spring of 1923. These three volumes scored an immediate and quite extraordinary success by virtue both of the exquisite fineness of their art and the cool audacity of their wit.

Morand's stories may be described as portraits of character illuminated by the refracted light of a casual incident or series of incidents. For these portraits Morand has chosen an international background, ranging from Barcelona to Stockholm, from Constantinople to New York, and from the velodrome in Paris during a six-day bicycle race to a hotel in Budapest during the White Terror, all sketched with equal adroitness. The first volume of the series, *Tendres Stocks,* contains three full-length portraits, the scene of which is England during the war.

Morand's portraits of women are accomplished, in the manner of Proust, in terms of the effect of the women upon the mind and emotions of an unnamed narrator. The narrator, like the men of Larbaud's stories, is intellectually sophisticated, highly self-conscious, deliberately impervious to emotion and predisposed to the meticulous analysis of his own impressions. Gallantry, rather than love, and occasionally sensuality to the exclusion of both, is the texture upon which these stories are woven. Since no serious emotion is allowed to cloud the brief meetings which they record, the reader, like the narrator, can view them with a purely detached æsthetic appreciation.

But it is difficult to abstract from emotion the thin icing of sensuality without in the process revealing a certain propensity to cruelty. And Morand's audacity consists precisely in making a virtue of this very limitation. The irony, the acidity, and the malice of these portraits bring home their truth to us.

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In the success of Morand's stories the sharply conceived picture which he gives of the contemporary European scene plays a very large part. To witness the mad gayety of the Russian refugees in Constantinople who hover on the brink of absolute extinction, to see the effects of the successive terrors in Hungary, to share with an alluring Spanish anarchist the secrets of the militant movement in Barcelona, all this is a gratification of our desire for news of a world whose established relations were exploded by the war.

While Morand's stories depend for their effect upon precision of suggestion, those of Jean Giraudoux, his colleague in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, achieve their effect by means of the diametrically opposed method of impressionism. Giraudoux has already published ten volumes, including several collections of short stories, four books of war sketches, of which one was written after a mission to America, and three novels.

The charm of Giraudoux's work is almost intangible and quite personal; gentleness and sympathy and delicacy of insight partly account for it, as do subtlety of intelligence and a certain arch humor. Of his three novels, *Simon le Pathétique, Suzanne et le Pacifique,* and *Siegfried et le Limousin,* the second has been translated into English in a version highly successful in its preservation of the charm of the original. *Simon le Pathétique,* however, with its finely delineated hero and three exquisite heroines, is perhaps his most delightful book, *Siegfried* his most witty, and *Suzanne* his most deliberately literary in intention.

The last writer of whom I have to speak is important only in his illustration of current tendencies in French literature. It would be difficult indeed to take seriously any of the twelve books thus far published by Jean Cocteau; it would be even more difficult to refuse to admit that they reflect the æsthetic radicalism of the past ten years. A French critic has said, with perfect justice and a little malice, that Cocteau's work is a barometer sensitive to the slighest variation in tendency or theory exemplified by the painters and musicians of the advance-guard. Impressionsism, futurism, dadaism,—no theory has been too

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pretentious or too impalpable or too fantastic to be the subject of experiment by Cocteau. He possesses undoubted facility of wit, keenness of intelligence, and a background of scholarship which seldom appears to advantage in his work. His æsthetic curiosity is matched by his appetite for controversy, and some of his most characteristic work is contained in the various essays in which he has defended his successive theories, essays as fugitive as they are clever.

It is perhaps too early to estimate the final effect upon French fiction of what at the moment is its most pronounced tendency. Yet the immediate effect is clearly evident. Fiction is being farther and farther removed from the direct presentation of experience and is constantly being brought to a more direct consideration of its effects for and by themselves. But this shifting of interest cannot be accomplished without some loss, and the thinness of much recent French fiction, its incapacity to arouse or sustain an imaginative response, is the price which it is paying for the adoption of a new form of literary naturalism.

The genius of the great French novelists of the past has been for generalization. When confronted with complexity of character, their attempt has always been to organize it, and by art to make it a unity. And viewing character itself as a generalization from action, they have sought to make it as widely inclusive as possible. It is as a result of this theory that the reader of Balzac or Flaubert can enter into the experiences portrayed in their novels and share the fortunes of their characters.

But the novels of the new psychological naturalists offer no such invitation. The cult of individuality precludes it, since the nearer the approach of character to the unique, the less is it comprehensible in terms of general human life. And instead of life which we can share, the current French novel is offering us introspection, or analysis, or monologue,—offering us, in short, the private confession of personality.

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COMMUNITY VALETS

By BURGES JOHNSON

OUR propensity for "letting George do it" works both ways. It saves us bother, but makes George rich; for he, being like ourselves, a hundred-per cent shrewd American, finds a way to get himself rewarded this side of heaven. He "does" it, and does it well,—and lets us pay! The cost of living is high because we've reached the point where we hire people to spend our money.

OUT in Minneapolis a business man was growling as we breakfasted together. After listening for a time I was able, for my own comfort, to arrange in orderly fashion the story that he growled. It seems that he manufactures machinery, and a hurry order came to him from an European customer for two machines. If he could not guarantee delivery before a certain date the order was to be cancelled. He figured out his time schedule carefully, and found that even with rush work he had but twelve days for transportation to New York to connect with the last possible transatlantic sailing.

"I called up the local offices of the Great Midland Railroad," he said, "and they told me the best they could promise was fourteen days to Tidewater, owing to car shortage and probable delays along the route, and they wouldn't guarantee even that under present conditions. I took up the matter with some Great Lakes people, and they couldn't help me out. Then it occurred to me to try the National Freight Handling Company. 'We'll do it in eight days,' they told me, 'and what's more, we'll guarantee to connect with your boat.'

"'How are you going to do it?' I asked them.

"'Well, we'll probably route the shipment by the Midland.'

"'But the Midland people themselves can't promise it over their own rails.'

"'Oh, but we can!'

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"What's more, they did, and I got my order delivered with time to spare; but I had to pay for the service, of course. How did they do it? Simply by close personal attention to the matter. One of their men had it on his mind, and saw that the car started; and then another of their men gave it personal attention in Chicago. I was paying extra for a service that the railroad wouldn't or couldn't give me, in the circumstances, and that I hadn't the time or experience to provide for myself."

"What are you kicking about?"

"Well, I'm not sure I'm kicking, except that I always seem to be paying for extra service, and it cuts down my profits. I don't say it's anybody's fault but my own."

We began to talk it over, having a certain amount of time on our hands for idle chatter. And the path our thoughts took led us into the real estate world and then to trust companies and delivery wagons, and organized charities, and dealers in steamer baskets, and then, by various steps too numerous to mention, into intercollegiate athletics, where college boys pay professional coaches great sums to play their games for them.

Just then the waiter served some particularly good bacon. "Look here," I interrupted, "I know enough about camping to know that the difference between good bacon and poor bacon on the breakfast table is very often just the question of cutting it thin enough. There is a man who has applied his knowledge of this fact and made a fortune out of selecting people's bacon and then slicing it for them, and adding a charge for his services to the price of the bacon."

The cost of living will never drop very far, we agreed, whatever may happen to the costs of labor and raw materials, until people with money to spend stop wanting non-essential services, the prices for which are added to the costs.

By this time my breakfast companion and I were through our meal. Life looked brighter.

"After all," we suddenly agreed, "why should people stop buying non-essential services unless they actually have to?

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They are buying the time to stay at home a little longer, to read a few more good books, or to play golf. And they are buying a guarantee of good bacon because they choose to. Everybody who was of social importance in the snobbish days of old had a valet, and he paid the fellow to tie his cravat.

Now, thank Heaven, there are fewer valets of that sort. Business men today tie their own cravats, as a general rule,—or their wives do it for them, which is good for both them and their wives,—but they are buying a larger and more varied valet service than was ever contemplated in the idle days of Beau Brummel. Folk in every social circle are sharing community valets.

If business men are going to kick about the cost of it, they ought to know what they are kicking about, and then kick themselves. There is very little high cost of living. But there is a great deal of the high cost of letting George do it. Meanwhile great numbers of people are more contented because of George's services; and great numbers of Georges are happier because they are getting rich!

Only the pinch of nation-wide poverty will change these things.

It costs more to live because we have more to spend!

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

SURELY it was not one familiar with the quivering soil of Japan who coined the term "terra firma." In a country where two hundred and thirty destructive earthquakes have occurred in fifteen hundred years, it is not surprising to find the leading seismological authorities of the world. In no other country is there a national earthquake service so old and so well organized.

This organization is due to the late John Milne, an eminent English geologist, who began in 1885 to train natives like Omori and Nagaoka. Milne's catalogue of Japanese earthquakes is now a classic. When Japan commissioned Milne to organize a scientific earthquake service it was with the hope that the messages written by the earth on clock-driven drums,—veritable autographic warnings,—might be the means of sparing countless lives. That hope has been only partially realized. When there have been significant fore-shocks, Omori has been able to warn villages, and his warnings have been invariably heeded.

That the radio station of Haranomachi, 178 miles from Tokio, escaped in the recent disaster while whole towns were reduced to ruins, is due entirely to the advice which Omori gave to the American contractors. This advice was founded upon a study he made in California of forty-nine chimneys, as well as of houses, tombstones, and steel-frame office buildings. Thus the reinforced-concrete radio tower of Haranomachi, 660 feet high, assumed the form of a megaphone-like chimney, thick at the base and tapering at the top. A whip-snapping effect had to be guarded against, for California chimneys had generally been broken at a point one-third the distance from the top.

The movements of the ground during an earthquake are extremely complicated. At the origin of the disturbance they are rapid and irregular and displace the ground in all conceivable

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directions. At a hundred miles and more from the origin, the movements are slower and more rythmical. The quick, strong shocks at the origin shake down buildings, simply because wood and stone cannot partake in the motions rapidly enough; hence structures are shaken down as if they were composed of loose blocks. On the other hand, the rythmic heaving that occurs at a distance may be resisted because it is slower.

San Francisco's steel-framed office buildings stood up well in 1906; nevertheless their masonry was shaken down. Reinforced concrete structures also proved to be resistant. Hence, it is apparent why Omori should have recommended a concrete-steel structure. By giving it a massive base he provided in some measure for the absorption of rapid tremors, and by so calculating its period of vibration that it practically coincided with that of the slow heaving which occurs at a hundred miles or more from the origin of disturbance, he made it possible for it to rise and fall, ship-like, with the earth waves. It was this scientifically constructed station that made it possible for Japan to flash the news of her dire extremity when cables and telegraphs failed to bring from every part of the western world the speedy relief that she sorely needed.

The Japanese earthquake records have done much to dispel the old notion that the interior of the earth is a molten mass and that earthquakes are always due to volcanic action. That the interior is indeed hot, the activities of volcanoes and geysers prove conclusively enough; but heat is by no means evidence of a liquid core composed of molten rock. A mathematical weighing of the earth demonstrates that the interior must be far denser than any liquid. Moreover, if the core of the earth were a fiery liquid mass, the sun and moon would produce internal tides which would cause the outer crust to bulge with alarming, cataclysmic effect. Lastly, the careful measurements made by Omori and others prove that earthquake waves are propagated in a manner hardly compatible with a molten interior.

The earth is hundreds of millions of years old, but it is not yet "finished" in the sense that a sculptor would use the term.

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Nature is a leisurely modeler to whom the earth is still a plastic mass to be patted, twisted, and pressed for æons to come. Some of this incessant moulding and straining of the earth's crust is due to tides; some to the erosive effect of wind, rain, and flowing water; some to the carrying away of material from one part and to its deposition in another; and some to volcanic action. The pressure of the sea must also have its effect; for where the ocean is six miles deep the pressure amounts to over nine hundred tons to the square foot. There is lastly a shrinking of the interior and a consequent readjustment of material and forces which manifests itself in both a piling up and a subsidence of masses at the surface. The brittle crust of the earth is in a constant state of strain, and when the strain becomes too great a few miles beneath the surface, an earthquake is nature's method of temporary relief.

On the east side of Japan the ocean-bed shelves rapidly down to what is known as the Tuscarora Deep, the bottom of which lies 4655 fathoms below the surface of the water. Although earthquakes are not unknown on the west side of Japan they are only one-tenth as frequent as on the steep eastern side. Upon the east side vast geologic changes are occurring. The earth is shrinking like a drying orange, and as it shrinks its surface wrinkles and folds. Japan's dry land is an upward fold; the Tuscarora Deep a downward fold.

For reasons still obscure the process of pushing up more land out of the sea is not yet ended on the eastern side of Japan. As the earth continued to wrinkle and fold, the Tuscarora Deep becomes still deeper. The constant pressure to which it is subjected recently resulted in a slipping of material along the line of least resistance, in this case what geologists term a "fault." Vibrations were set up, which rocked dozens of cities.

There will be many more earthquakes in Japan, perhaps hundreds of them, in future centuries. Each will be but a step in a long process, which, ages hence, will culminate in the formation of a lofty mountain range towering above the Pacific Ocean.

W. K.

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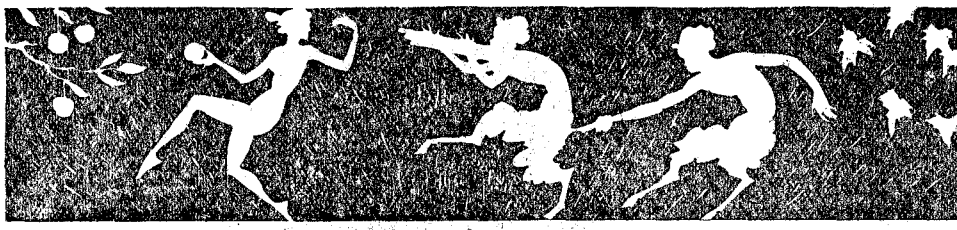

DRAMATIC FORECAST

Plays Announced for the Season of 1923-24

Prophecy, always a dangerous pastime, is peculiarly fraught with pitfalls where the theatre is concerned. Of the one hundred and thirty-odd plays announced for production during the season which began on September 1st, several promising specimens have already gone to their eternal rest, while a few are holding the boards with a tenacity they were not expected to show. Studying a catalogue of theatrical promises is like studying a bill of fare which contains some of your favorite dishes. The dish you gloat over and choose may bring you merely an apology from the head-waiter, and a substitute. And the substitutes, not even mentioned on the card, are often the most palatable of all.

In any attempt to discuss the forthcoming deluge of plays, it is inevitable that a division be made between foreign and domestic. Courtesy obliges us to consider first our offerings from abroad. On the personal side, the most important visitor is no doubt Eleanora Duse, whose series of twenty "farewell" performances will include Ibsen's *The Lady from the Sea* and *Ghosts,* and *The Dead City* of D'Annunzio. From the point of view of sensation, the most interesting invasion is that of the *Grand Guignol* Company of Paris, which will transform the Punch and Judy Theatre into an artistic chamber of horrors. From the point of view of advancement in our standards of production, the continued activity of the Theatre Guild is probably most significant, for while the Moscow Players and Max Reinhardt's company may have many pointe show us, the Theatre Guild's real import is that it constitutes a group of Ameri who are actively trying to improve our st ards, instead of being content merely to claim over the cleverness of our distingui visitors.

As for their projected offerings, with possible exception of Toller's *Masse Me* the Guild's list is not a striking one. It be interesting to see how they handle Sh peare, in *King Lear,* with Rudolph Sc kraut in the title role, and Shaw's *Caesar Cleopatra* is a welcome revival. *Wind* their opening piece, is typical Galsworthy rather indifferently received in London. will also present Werfel's *The Goat S* Molnar's *The Guardsmen* (once given under the title *Where Ignorance Is Bl* Lenormand's *The Failures,* with Ben and *Fata Morgana* by the Hungarian, V They are still looking for a site for their theatre, for which over half a million do has been subscribed.

Another important visitor will be Sir Martin Harvey, who will play here in an lish version of *Oedipus Rex.* Among a of other British importations, the most p ising seem to be Drinkwater's *Robert E.* the fifth in his historical series; *The Things Happen,* by Clemence Dane; *Q antined,* by F. Tennyson Jesse; *The Ca Back,* by Somerset Maugham; *A Lesso Love,* by the authors *Secrets;* and *Sp*

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ning by Frederick Lonsdale. Dickens and ning will also reach Broadway in round- ı ways,—the former through a dramatiza- of *Bleak House,* in which Margaret Ang- ill be seen as *The Great Lady Dedlock,* latter through a dramatization of *The and the Book,* to be produced by Walter ipden.

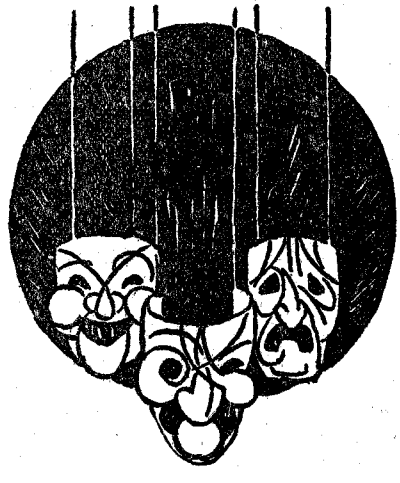
en more interesting is Hampden's inten- to revive Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac,* verse adaptation made by Brian Hooker. will also appear in *Othello, Macbeth, eo and Juliet, The Taming of the Shrew, Merchant of Venice,* and *Hamlet.* His ce of Denmark will have a new rival in person of John Barrymore. And Jane l will follow her Juliet with Shakespeare's patra, and Viola in *Twelfth Night.* ern and Marlowe add *Cymbeline* to their liar list.

nportations from the Continent include nar's *The Swan* and *Heavenly and Earth- ove;* Dauthenday's *Pastimes of an Em- ,* adapted by Rita Matthias and played by ha Kalisch; the Moscow Art Theatre's uctions of Goldoni's *La Locandiera,* Ib- : *An Enemy of the People,* Dostoievsky's *Brothers Karamazov,* and Chehov's *Ivan-* Lakatos' *Four Men in Dress Clothes;* rles Mere's *La Flamme;* Maurice Don- s *Amants;* and perhaps a dramatization Daudet's *Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

arl Vollmoeller's pantomime *The Miracle,* d on Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice,* is to be n an elaborate production by Max Rein- lt at the Century, with settings by our own Norman Bel-Geddes. There is also the prospect of a new play about de Musset and George Sand by Georg Kaiser, author of *From Morn to Midnight,* and of a witty but long neglected fantastic comedy by Grabbe, adapted by Pierre Coalfleet under the title of *The Deuce!*

As for the native American product, there is an overwhelming list from which to choose. Eugene O'Neill's long-promised *The Fountain* (of Youth) is announced for production by Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones, with Fritz Lieber playing Ponce de Leon. Zona Gale, who won a Pulitzer prize with *Miss Lulu Bett,* is putting on the stage her new novel, *Faint Perfume.* Another woman who has recently achieved a success, Lulu Vollmer, author of *Sun Up,* will follow this with *The Shame Woman.*

Among numerous other plays scheduled are *The Nervous Wreck,* by Owen Davis; *The Royal Fandango,* by Zoe Atkins; *Tarnish,* by Gilbert Emery; *The Song and Dance Man,* by George M. Cohan; *Winnie and the Wolves,* by William Gillette; *West of Pittsburgh,* by Kauffman and Connelly, authors of *Merton of the Movies; Chicken Feed,* by Guy Bolton; *The Road Together,* by George Middleton; *The Runt,* by Hatcher Hughes; *Sold,* by Porter Emerson Brown; *Fires of Spring,* by Robert McLaughlin; *Chains,* by Jules Eckert Goodman; *Swanee River,* by Edward Locke; *The Changelings,* by Lee Wilson Dodd; and two plays written around the person of Franklin, by Louis Evans Shipman and Constance D'Arcy Mackay, respectively.



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OUR ROSTRUM FOR OCTOBER

DR. HILLIS REPLIES

In connection with the monthly debates in THE FORUM, the Editors offer to the leader of the debate an opportunity to reply in a short letter to his opponent. Dr. Hillis has availed himself of this privilege in the following communication:

Editor of THE FORUM:

Germany has already turned over to the Reparations Commission property, cash and goods estimated at five billion dollars. (Mr. McDonald).

France advanced to Germany, to reorganize her coal extraction, 271,000,000 gold marks. During the four years since Germany signed her reparation agreement she has paid France 143,649,000 gold marks. France has had less than nothing. (M. Dubois, President, Reparation Commission).

Dr. Hillis makes the astounding assertion that 'the German coal resources alone equal in value seven times the national wealth of Great Britain.' (Mr. McDonald).

This is Mr. McDonald's impressionistic statement, but the actual and scientific statement of what I said is this: "The government estimates Germany's coal resources at ten marks, or $2.50 a ton, or five hundred billions of dollars."

Germany's mineral resources are 423,356,000,000 tons of coal at 10s per ton; 4,000,000,000 iron ore at 5s per ton; 50,000,000 potash at 10s per ton. (See "Germany's Economic Progress and National Wealth," by Herr Helfferich). The total mineral wealth of Germany in English pounds is 237,678,000,000 or four and a half times that many dollars.

In the *Fortnightly Review* of July, 1918, the statistician, Barker, says: "Germany's coal, iron ore and potash alone are worth a sum which is about fifteen times as large as what is usually called the national wealth of the United Kingdom." Barker's estimate is based upon the three volumes containing the Reports of the Conference of Minin gineers in Ottawa, Canada.

Granted that Germany may have t three billions of dollars abroad, thi would not enable Germany to reduc Reparation total, perceptibly. In onl way will the unused portion of these ba be made available for Reparation payme that is by enabling Germany to beco prosperous that her business men, who now hidden their resources abroad, wi their own volition, reinvest them in her nesses at home." (Mr. McDonald).

Viewed as a sentimental hope, this is successful. In view, however, of Ge refusing to keep her solemn pledge, s to a Treaty, there is no practical bu man who would loan a postage stamp that Germany will pay by what Mr. Donald calls "their own volition."

A financier's answer to Mr. McDo statement: "Germany systematically the state for the benefit of a certain nu of wealthy citizens; systematically w the railroads toward a gigantic loss of tion; brought to nothing the value o mark by a colossal inflation, which all Germany to cheat foreign nations of se billion dollars. Germany now begs the ish to appoint experts to verify that sh ruined herself and has no capacity to In ordinary life, such a request woul met by a policeman to arrest the felon, a sheriff to seize the property, and t what France has done in the Ruhr." ron's Sept. 1st).

Strange that spiritual leaders fail to r nize that the basis of French occupati not law, is not right, but force. (Mr. Donald).

Does this mean that when Germany nation, or a German as an individual a promissory note or a national agree for reparation, that it is wrong to enfo mortgage or collect a debt? Is there some better way to justify Germany's f to pay or attack France's occupancy o

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than this confusion of individual and
al ethics?
he British Quarterly for July the lead-
ticle is entitled, "Germany's Capacity
." It begins with the statement that
the war the German leaders and their
endeavored to show that their coun-
as the wealthiest in Europe. Now,
ns and their friends are trying to prove
heir country has been utterly ruined
war and is unable to pay.
t single article exposed so many su-
al statements by so-called "experts"
ve in the United States, Great Britain,
and Italy, as to lead many public men
ormerly believed in Germany's inability
p her Reparation pledge, to announce
ersal of their positions, and today,
h papers and magazines, these very
re insisting that the real difficulty is
onomic, but the German "will" not
the reparations.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

A PRECEDENT FOR FORD

of THE FORUM:

en the American people like a man,
re easily persuaded that he would make
l president. What the American peo-
e best about a leader is that he seems
one of themselves. For precisely these
s, they chose Andrew Jackson to be
ent of the United States. For the same
s, they would now choose Henry Ford.
drew Jackson and Henry Ford are in
l respects strikingly dissimilar. For in-
, we cannot imagine Ford as a militarist,
ttering the Florida Indians or mowing
the British at New Orleans; nor Jack-
, a pacifist, staging a peace ship fiasco.
he similarities of the two are still more
g and a great deal more pertinent to
ential possibility.
h lacked formal education. Although
n was a lawyer, he had no fondness for
and succeeded because he was honest,
s, aggressive, and able. Both men were
ade. Ford started as a poor boy, and
orking nights on his inventions, while
g his living wage by day, laid the
ations for his conspicuous success. Jack-
gan quite as humbly and had, perhaps,
even less of assistance. Neither became snob-
bish. It was their common lot to be ridiculed
by the "better people."

Both these national benefactors indulged in
a few prejudices, thereby losing some sup-
porters but probably gaining more. Thus
Jackson had about as much affection for the
English as Ford seems to have for the He-
brews. Also, they had in common one pet
aversion, and that was the predatory power of
concentrated wealth. For Jackson this was
embodied in the Second Bank of the United
States, the central financial institution of his
day; and against this alleged enemy of the
people he waged successfully a war of exter-
mination. Ford's analogous encounters with
"Wall Street" seem, thus far, to have accom-
plished only a successful defence of his own
somewhat extensive financial interests.

The continual berating of "Wall Street"
is a leading feature of Ford's pose as an
ardent democrat; nor is there any sufficient
proof that he is insincere in this attitude, al-
though of all the "big interests" he is perhaps
the biggest. The analogy for Jackson here
is not in the financial world, but in that of
politics. "King Andrew," his opponents
called him; yet he ever protested, and no
doubt believed, that he was the most demo-
cratic of democrats. Against any enlargement
of the central government over those of the
states he jealously guarded, yet there was little
indeed that he considered outside his own
powers as presidential tribune of the people.

The strength of the appeal of both Jackson
and Ford to the voters does not lie chiefly in
the greatness of their achievements nor in
their probable fitness for the duties of the
presidential office. It consists rather, in that
they seem so very like what the average citi-
zen wishes to be, or imagines he might have
been, under more favorable conditions. Most
of us feel instinctively and irrationally, that
the common-sense handling of the presidential
problems by a man who is a good deal like the
rest of us, only more successful, cannot go far
wrong and will probably be an improvement
on the present regime. This confidence, call
it sublime or call it assinine, seems to have
been justified in the case of Andrew Jackson,
and this makes some people eager to take a
chance on his political twin.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE, JR.
Atlantic, Mass.

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ARE FARMERS POOR?

Editor of THE FORUM:

The great mistake made by most writers with regard to farming conditions is the foolish and indefensible stand they take with regard to the real status of the American farmer. That he is near bankruptcy is the oft-repeated assertion, which, however, is far from the fact. Farmers may not be making the money they did at the peak of war-time prices, but when one goes through the list of articles put on the market by them one finds prices pretty stiff, after all.

Eggs, butter, and fowls,—all farm products,—have been high in price right along. In the one item of wheat there has been a slump, but as this has been brought about by an overproduction, nothing Congress can do would effect a remedy. Supply and demand is the main thing, and will ever remain so, regardless of the theories of crack-brained statesmen to the contrary.

Mr. Yoakum, in your September issue, puts the case in its most favorable form, and no doubt something might be done along lines suggested by him. However, don't lose any sleep weeping over the poor farmer. He has seen harder times than at present, twice over. We have only to refer to the nineties, when butter sold for 7c the pound, eggs 8c the dozen, fowls 5c a pound, while wheat in a few instances dropped to 38c a bushel, and potatoes were not worth marketing.

I was on a farm at this time, and know whereof I assert, having marketed these products at the prices here put down. There is too much pure bunk about the bankrupt farmer, who really is the best situated today of any class on the American continent.

As for the third party movement, as presented by George Henry Payne, that is an established institution of this country. Third parties seem as certain, if not as fatal as measles, small-pox, and kindred diseases. This country has been afflicted with these outbreaks about once in a decade, and is becoming used to them.

No third party of recent years has accomplished the object set forth in its platform of principles as presented in convention. The Republican party is the only one started as a third wing to political contentions which made a success of it. All others, while affectin destinies of the nation, perhaps, have fail make good at the polls. We may not what effect the election of Theodore R velt would have had upon the nation h won out in 1912. Sure it is that such a cess would have eliminated Woodrow W from our national life and perhaps changed the whole world's history.

JAMES M. MERRI

Grandville, Mich.

A DEFENSE OF COLUMBIA

Mr. Wilson's article in the September ber of THE FORUM was bound to provok cussion. Below are given extracts from of many letters received.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The writer of the article "Harvard, P ton, and Yale" refers to my college and versity in the following way, "and great Roebuck institutions like Columbia." swer, not because Columbia will have lustre if I fail to, but because it is one o Beatitudes "To instruct the ignorant."

Yes, Columbia is not Harvard, Princ or Yale. She is different. For which Co bia men, all honor due to other institutes grateful. Columbia as an University, term in which many have come to thin her (for her European reputation is American University"), is a wonderful in ment of education. Her Law School Harvard's stands alone; her Engine Schools have reputation; the Medical Sc the College of Physicians and Surgeons, promise of being the world's center. speaks of "Columbia's School of Journali

The School of Extension is Columbia' demption of her pledge to make New the cultural center it is. It is educatio for a degree, but for culture, in the wi and hence truest sense. New York's po and New York's socially *élite* are there is a step in the direction of Plato's drea a Republic with intelligent citizens. Columbia is carrying on its good work i Republic, which in its early days as "K College," began with men like Alexa Hamilton.

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ıt what most appeals to the Columbia man college. His University is open to those elsewhere. His college makes him glow pride. President Butler has called it 'heart of the University," and truly. It e most select college in my knowledge. entrance is gained by a test of your mind; n what it has accumulated, but in its in- ence. It is Ex-President Meiklejohn's for keeping morons out of colleges, an- :d.

he air we breathe at Columbia is the air ee men. The joy in the habit of thinking ıre, which your writer seems to think s not outside the three mentioned Univer- , is really sought here. And never do we the constraining hand of silly conventions, h trail in the wake of pseudo-culture. ne is forced here into extra-curricula ac- es, yet there is real emulation of the ks, who could run a mile and then sit ı to discuss the universe.

he athletic star of Columbia, which once e so brightly, is regaining its light. The l life, in its lighter and more substantial ıings, is reflected in the fraternities. eover there does not exist the feeling that must do the splendid merely to get into ties, like "Philolexian," the oldest literary ty in the United States' colleges. Reli- ;ly, Columbia may some day parallel the ford Movement."

shall not have the temerity to say the fol- ng can be found nowhere else, but it is ual for an American College. Are there y colleges where you could find men bound ther who write poetry, lyric, dramatic, and epic? And moreover, where they could ct a goodly sized audience to listen to ı read?

is the paradox of Columbia that we trong individuals, yet homogeneous. The ımbia stamp is indelible. For it is con- d by a rich tradition of one of the first ersities in our country; a tradition which ; and takes, yet does not stifle. And that h abused word "college spirit" is here. A t which took six hundred men up to the :ness of a Northern New York storm to ıess a football game in Ithaca we knew ıad to lose.

Ve go from Columbia well prepared for ization, for we have not been isolated from If any place has atmosphere, it is Colum- bia. And one who could call it the inelegant thing, "Sears-Roebuck institution" either had a warped view, or did not know.

WILLIAM A. S. DOLLARD.

Verbank, N. Y.

MADAM SCHWIMMER PROTESTS

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the July number of your magazine Mr. Charles W. Thompson, writing about Henry Ford's presidential candidacy permits himself to say: "The most famous case of the kind was that of the peace ship in 1915, in which he was the victim of that ingenious adventuress Rosika Schwimmer. It was her peace ship, not Ford's . . ."

Mr. Thompson has about 18 lines more to say about me in this connection, but as those lines are only concerned with the quantity and quality of my brains I consider it proper to acquiesce in his condemnation of this poor organ of mine. But I cannot accept the above quoted statement with the same feminine humbleness.

Mr. Thompson, like all the others who abused me in word and print since my association with Mr. Ford, does not quote any facts on which he bases his assertions and therefore I can only make the counterstatement that I am most positively *not* an adventuress. This naked negative however has not more convincing force than Mr. Thompson's positive assertion. A child sticks out it's tongue and the offended party answers with the same gesture.

To enable me to give something more convincing I wrote to Mr. Thompson: " . . . I do not know what your facts are, but I offer you any proof you may wish that (1) I am not an adventuress, (2) that the peace ship was not mine, but Mr. Ford's. I am staying for some time in Chicago. Will you, please, call on me, or send your representative, or put your questions in a letter to me. I am ready to answer patiently any question which may help you to see that you have grossly abused me and to enable you to retract your statements."

Until Mr. Thompson's concrete questions are put before me I can only refer to my past

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of twenty years of international public work in the sphere of pacifism, feminism, and social service, a lecturing career of sixteen years through nearly all European countries and the United States, and last but not least my professional work as journalist.

ROSIKA SCHWIMMER.

Chicago, Ill.

OUR RUSSIAN GUESTS

Mrs. Gilman believes that we are too hospitable as a nation. The writer of the letter from which extracts are given below makes a supreme virtue of our hospitality, at least where Russian refugees are concerned.

Editor of THE FORUM:

"They have turned their faces to the sun, that the shadows may fall behind." They have done just that,—these Russians, who have found in America a haven of rest from the trials and tribulations of nearly a decade. Driven from the land they love and harassed at every point they have plumbed the depths of human misery and the only change that can come to them is for the better. Fate threw into its melting pot of human emotions the good and the bad, the high and the low of a great nation—the dross was poured off—and the gold remains. These Russian Refugees will prove a golden contribution to the U. S. A.

The Russian Refugee Relief Society of America is happy in its rôle of friend and host to these unfortunate beings. Tales of past suffering and present distress might form a ready key to the "help-chests" of the Society. But that key is seldom used. We know their story and if we did not they would be the last to tell. It is their air of "Ready to start again on a new life" that stirs every member of the Society to his or her utmost effort and the recompense is wonderful in the appreciation shown.

R. MACGRATH.

Montreal, Que.

BACKWASH OR WISH-A-WASH

Editor of THE FORUM:

I feel sorry for anyone who is influe against Dr. Lombroso's book by Zona G. "Backwash" in your August issue. Be to have titled that "Wish-a-Wash." It not follow because one can write a p novel, one can also write a critical revi The world can be none the better for "N Lulu Bett," but every woman who reads " Soul of Woman" will be strengthened in nity and purpose. The male reader will helped to a new understanding which not fail to benefit posterity.

There is nothing really new in the b and it is too prolific in words, but its log and clarified statement of what every wo knows but does not analyze or express to self is the sanest thing I have read in ye It is not so much an argument against f inism as it is a picture of woman as the L and circumstances,—call it the needs of manity if you will,—made her. Read it, si in a measure, you are obliged to deal w woman you will find it helpful.

M. A. J

Philadelphia, Pa.

AN APOLOGY

The Editors wish to state that in the tember issue Mr. Benjamin F. Yoakum erroneously quoted as stating that "frei rates are driving farmers to ruin. In M tana during the last two years, one hund banks have been obliged to close their doo These words are a citation from a petit made to the Interstate Commerce Commiss to authorize lower freight rates in Monta

INVITATION

THE FORUM has no axe to grind. In eyes the world is made up of *Pros* and *Co* equally deserving of a hearing. We in readers to express their approval or disappro of the views set forth by our contribut Letters to the editor should be brief, to point, and readable. The Rostrum is limi in space, but it plays no favorites.

THE EDITOR

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Philippines. Having been associated with men who sac-
ed their lives in the interests of a people alien in race and
ed, she is fired with the hope that the task upon which
ierica has been engaged in the islands during the last
nty-five years shall not have proved in vain. With the
ster forces of the East ready to undo all the good that
been effected, Mrs. Farwell believes that it is our duty
ave the Filipinos from their enemies as well as from them-
ves, until such time as they prove themselves able to stand
ne. Mrs. Farwell is a graduate of Northwestern Uni-
sity, and has contributed to many newspapers and maga-
es.

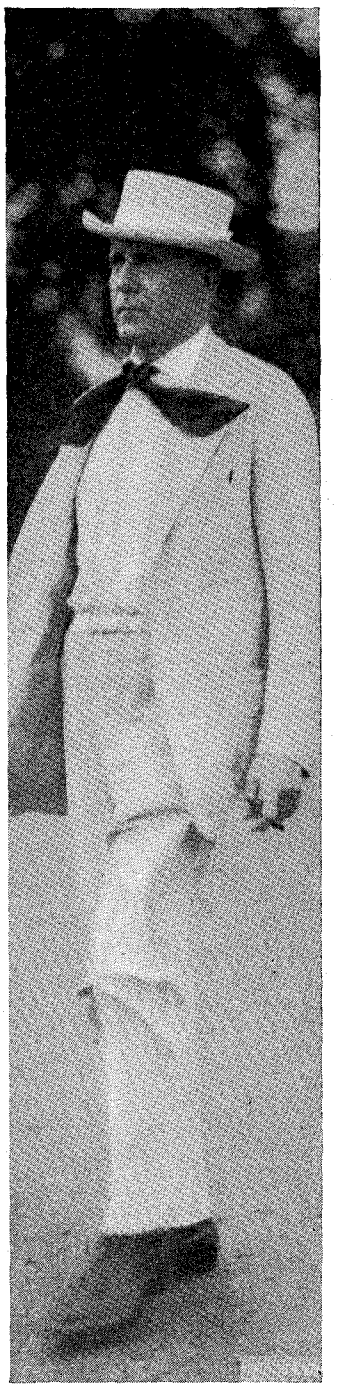
Only the most commercial-hearted will take objection to
ALTER PRICHARD EATON'S outcry against the hoardings
ich disfigure our landscapes. Although best known as
writer and lecturer on dramatic topics, Mr. Eaton has
olished books and articles on a wide variety of subjects,
l has taught in the Columbia School of Journalism. Hav-
written about the theatre for several years, Mr. Eaton
gone the way of all critics and turned to the writing
plays. His dramatic version of the life of Queen Victoria
om coronation to jubilee, written in collaboration with
vid Carb, will be seen in New York during the coming
matic season.

In an early issue, GEORGE HENRY PAYNE will include,
his political series, an article on the rôle of the rich man
politics.

WILLIAM GERHARDI, more than most young English
iters, is qualified to discuss the work of Russian authors.
ie son of English parents, he was born in Russia and went
school there up to the age of eighteen. In 1914 he was a
dent at Oxford. He joined the army and served as a
itish officer throughout the war. Mr. Gerhardi's first
vel, FUTILITY, made an unusually favorable impression.
ie essay contributed to this issue of THE FORUM will
m the introduction to his second book, a volume devoted
a critical analysis of Chehov's work.

JOHAN BULL, formerly President of the Norwegian
ack and White Artists Association in Christiania, has pro-
led decorations for Mr. Magonigle's article and for the
strum. HARRY TOWNSEND'S linoleum cuts of presiden-
l candidates are already familiar to FORUM readers.

Beginning with the December issue THE FORUM will in-
gurate a book department to which the public is invited
contribute reviews of significant new books. A selection
om these will be published each month over the signature
the reviewer, and paid for at the rate of two cents a word.
ie editors cannot promise to consider manuscripts arriving
er than the tenth day of the month preceding the month
publication. Do not hesitate to praise or blame in good
und terms. It is our aim to have a lively and not a musty
partment about books,—a real forum of literary opinion.



Senator JAMES A. REED
of Missouri

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HENRY *VIII and His Disorderly Wife, Upon Whom Dr. McLaurin Holds a "Post-Mortem" in this Issue of* THE FORUM.

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